The Samiday Royans

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,654, Vol. 64.

July 9, 1887.

Registered for Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

#### THE CASS CASE.

THE most accurate verdict on the proceeding of Tuesday night in the House of Commons would probably be that it was partly a muddle and partly something for which slang provides many names, but which is not easy to describe in more dignified language. One ingenuous reporter, who describes the result of the debate as "the "victory of the popular side," lets the cat out of the bag by talking in the same breath of "a crowd of excited "members, headed by Dr. Tanner." It does not require extraordinary ability to discover what the probable motives were of any crowd of excited members headed by Dr. Tanner, and it is certainly not uncharitable to suppose that the certainty of delaying business for some hours, and the possibility of preventing it for a whole evening, had as much to do with this excitement as a chivalrous desire to defend a distressed and maligned damsel. And, though we have not the very least liking for the popular amusement of Jonah-throwing, we suppose that it can hardly be denied that Mr. Matthews contributed a very great deal to his own and his colleagues' discomfiture by his singularly injudicious conduct of the case. He must have known perfectly well that in the present Parliament, where Conservative members too often vie with Radical members in taking the democratic and sentimental tone, it was necessary to be very careful in dealing with such a case as this. He had, as persons very ill disposed to the Government admit, a strong enough line if he had chosen to follow it. Technically, he was quite correct as to the difficulties of instituting as Home Secretary an inquiry into the conduct either of a constable or of a magistrate, while the very slightest ingenuity in handling would have brought home even to a House partly composed of excited members headed by Dr. Tanner the absurdity of instituting, as he was sometimes asked to do, a Home Office inquiry into the character of the young woman concerned. The Home Office does not exist to issue certificates of virtue. But by first of all treating the ca

Yet when we come to the main case it is impossible to think the vote of the House justified. Very likely, from what is said of the young woman concerned (however left-handed a service her friends may be thought to be doing her by bruiting this matter abroad, and however well it may be to remember that we know nothing of the evidence Mr. Matthews had before him), her character has been most unjustly aspersed. No doubt police magistrates are very fallible persons, while Mr. Newton in particular has given numerous proofs of fallibility. No doubt the relations between the police and persons of the other sex who, like the police, have "beats," are too frequently unsatisfactory; or, to speak less mealy-mouthedly, too frequently consist in the levying on the one side and the payment on the other of regular and shameless black-mail. But when we

come to the particular case it is impossible not to see that there may have been no more than an unfortunate error of judgment in it, even without taking the blunt view which "B" has put with his usual vigour. We do not often agree with Mr. Picrox, but Mr. Picrox said a very sensible thing when he pointed out that there is such a thing as mistaken identity, and that it is by no means necessary to assume either that the young woman was "loitering and molest"ing," or that the constable was perjuring himself. Again, as we have said, magistrates are not impeccable, and Mr. Newton is a by no means impeccable magistrate. The particular form of words which he used was no doubt injudicious enough. But the pious horror which has been displayed at his cautioning a young woman not to be about Regent Street at half-past nine o'clock if she valued her character strikes us as either extremely youthful or extremely hypocritical. Dwellers in country parsonages perhaps have an excuse for being horrified at the side of London life thus disclosed. But we think that the most respectable of Londoners, if he were possessed of wits as well as of respectability, and if any young woman, either of his own or any other rank of life, asked him, "Had I better walk down "Regent Street at half-past nine?" would answer, "You had very much better not." This is what Mr. Newton said—in a rough manner, no doubt, and in words which were injudiciously and unfortunately chosen, but which, after all, recognized a fact. Nor is it possible to avoid remarking on the singular inconsistency of those who declare that it is the business of the police and the magistrates to mitigate and alter this fact, and who yet exclaim and protest when they endeavour to do so.

Now, it would have been perfectly possible for a Home Secretary of tact to put all this to the House, to bestow proper blame upon the constable and the magistrate, to indulge in decent but not gushing regret for the insult offered to the young woman, and so to prevent altogether the loss of an evening's work, the infliction of a check, if not a very important check, on the Government, and the manufacture of one of those gusts of half-spurious, half-genuine popular sentiment which blow no one any good. Mr. Chaneerlain kindly, but vainly, gave his colleague in the representation of Birmingham an unmistakable hint last week, after Mr. Matthews's first slip in the matter, and even then all might have been well. Many little incidents, such as Mr. Conybeare's question, whether it was the same constable who gave evidence about the "supposed" seditious riot, occurred, which gave a clear indication of the real animus of some defenders of virtue, and which might have been turned to account by a skilful debater. On the other hand, the course which Mr. Matthews pursued was one which any skilful debater might, to use the common phrase, have "felt in his bones" to be one certain to lead to trouble. With the austere virtue of Mr. Labouchere on the watch to protect innocence, with the "heartfelt recital of the now venerable member for Stockton" imminent, with Mr. Atherley Jones—a person tremblingly alive to feminine propriety, as the pit-brow affair showed—engaged for the prosecution, and with the perfect certainty that all the enemies and some of the friends of the Government would support any form of censure, Mr. Matthews fenced and shifted and broke his ground in a manner which must have been fatal. If he had shown the slightest sense of what was obvious to everybody else—that it is an abominable thing that a respectable girl should be liable (as this

s ed v t s o t fi n fe a c E t E

A ca ha ki re mo be who soon no

rev

aft

sio wh

the do;

one and Can had vari perlimer had

as Mr. Can

case, putting its subject's character out of the question altogether, shows that she might be liable) to be treated as a common prostitute, not merely on the unsupported word of a single policeman, but with no possibility of reparation except by costly legal proceedings, it is not likely that the House would have refused to support him. It has been said that his colleagues backed him up but faintly, though we at least cannot see what more Mr. Smith or the Attorney-General could have done. You cannot help a man who persists in putting his foot in it after the helping as Mr. Matthews did on Tuesday. The matter is still in a very unsatisfactory state, for it is clearly necessary that something should be done, and even after the Government statements on Wednesday it is not quite clear what. We shall have, no doubt, elaborately reported "inquiries" which may or may not put a different complexion on the affair; but whether those inquiries will do any good is another matter. The "popular side," of course, as it usually does, cries, "Off with his head!" as to every one concerned. Off with Mr. Matthews's head; off with Mr. Newyon's head; off with the constable's head. More intelligent opinion may think that the sufficient, if not best, result of the matter would be, in the first place, a distinct caution to magistrates to be careful what they say; and, in the second, a distinct negativing of Mr. Matthews's very dangerous and very unconstitutional doctrine that, if constables and magistrates misbehave themselves, there is practically nothing to be done.

#### WASTE LANDS.

THE precarious tenure by which rights of property are now held is illustrated by the division on Mr. Bradlaugh's motion for the transfer to local Boards of lands which are not cultivated to his satisfaction. The proposal is the more alarming because Mr. Bradlaugh is neither a communist nor a professed advocate of social revolution; but he propounds certain theories on the dis-tinctive character of land, and unfortunately nearly a hundred members were found to vote for a special form of confiscation. Since last year Mr. BRADLAUGH has so far modified an extravagant proposal that he no longer appeals to the criminal law by enacting that the owner of waste land shall be guilty of a misdemeanour. It was probably found expedient to consult the scruples of some of the sup-porters of a scheme which is still sufficiently monstrous. The creation of a crime consisting in the exercise of a legal right which has hitherto been undisputed was apparently too glaring an instance of democratic tyranny. suddenly discovered that the maintenance of a certain kind of ownership involved an economic loss, compulsory purchase at a price not less than the market value would be the harshest remedy which could be, with a plausible show of justice, applied. Mr. Bradlaugh followed the example of many agrarian projectors in relying on the precedents of expropriation for public purposes under the authority of Parliament. The practice is so well recognized that the machinery of the Lands Clauses Act was long since provided for the purpose of securing compensation to the owner. Before compulsory powers were granted to any undertaker of a public work it was necessary to prove its necessity or utility before the most independent of tribunals. Mr. Bradlaugh substitutes for the Lands Clauses Act an arbitrary valuation substitutes for the Lands Clauses Act an arbitrary valuation of his own, which might in many cases only produce a nominal result. His demonstration of public utility consists in the assertion of certain general propositions which would be utterly denied by many sound economists. It is not admitted that any considerable proportion of existing waste lands could be profitably cultivated; and the suggestion that the experiment would produce employment for the population is at the same time irrelevant and doubtful.

No appropriate that the experiment to the engagement that the

No answer has ever been given to the argument that the country is morally bound to respect and maintain every contract which the law has permitted or encouraged. Until lately it was never doubted that investments in land were as safe and as unconditional as the purchase of any other kind of property. The buyer had only to satisfy himself as to the title; nor was there apparently any risk of interference by superior authority in a private and voluntary transaction. If metaphysical speculations on the peculiar character of land are to prevail, the Legislature is bound to take care that the general community bears the expense of applying a newfangled doctrine. Purchasers and the predecessors in

title of the present owners acquired an indefeasible right to do what they would with their own as long as they infringed no legal restriction. If it was found expedient to impose new servitudes on landed estate, the loss to the holder ought to be fully compensated. The owner of a moor producing only a stunted herbage incurred no obligation to plough or to drain it. It was tacitly, and indeed unconsciously, assumed that such operations would be undertaken in the majority of cases if they promised to be advantageous. Any law or custom which placed impediments in the way of productive enterprise ought to have been modified or repealed. Until last year it could never have been anticipated that the owner of certain kinds of land should be subjected as such to fine and imprisonment. It would be not more unreasonable to enforce by penalty or by forfeiture the industrial investment of capital, which may at present produce little or no return. The loss to the community by neglect or by the practice of hoarding or by rash speculation might be as great through the non-erection or injudicious erection of a forge or a cotton-mill as by leaving land in a so-called state of nature; nor, indeed, is the officious cupidity of theorists backward in proposals for meddling with personalty on the principles which Mr. Bradlaugh would apply to land. Communists demand the forcible seizure of the instruments of production; or, in other words, of buildings, of machinery, and of the capital which might render them available for use. Mr. Bradlaugh would regard concession of these claims as both unprofitable and unjust; but, if his proposals for dealing with waste lands are defensible, some local or national authority ought in consistency to supersede private capitalists.

The subject matter of Mr. Bradlaugh's proposed legislation is incapable of accurate definition. Waste, or uncultivated, land may, in many cases, be more valuable in its original condition than it would become by any artificial treatment. The mountain commons in Wales would be ruinously deteriorated in value if they were turned into arable or sown with artificial grasses. It might figuratively be said that they were intended by nature to be used as sheepwalks, and accordingly they are left in their original condition, except that the number of the stock is, for the most part, adapted more or less accurately to the quantity and quality of the pasture. The barren heaths of Surrey would not produce oats or potatoes, except at an exorbitant cost; but large portions of them have been gradually converted into pleasure-grounds and sites for villas, to the great advantage both of the owners of the soil and of the new residents. Mr. Bradlaugh leaves it in doubt whether he would expropriate the owners of parks and gardens, and it is possible that he may have his eye on lawns and ornamental plantations. It is well known that some agrarian agitators are bent on the forcible alienation of all land which conduces, even incidentally, to pleasure or to state; yet a pasture inclosed by a wall and occupied as a park produces as much grass, at as small a cost, as if it were attached to one or more farms. It would be hard on the owner to indict him for a misdemeanour, or even to subject him to forfeiture, merely because a certain stretch of land is not subdivided by hedges. If, indeed, Mr. Bradlaugh considers that grass-land is uncultivated because it requires little application of capital or labour, he must undertake to prohibit or countermand a process of conversion into pasture which is becoming universal. In his speech he more than once insisted on the supposed expediency of providing employment for the greatest possible number of persons. He is sufficiently familiar with economic principle to know that employment is not in its

The same question may be asked as to many other kinds of land which might be described as waste. Woods and plantations are often the most profitable crop which can be raised on the hills or barren tracts which they occupy; but it is doubtful whether they are to be exempt from seizure. Kitchen gardens are, in proportion to their extent, the most productive of all lands. Pleasure-grounds, including lawntennis grounds and other luxurious appendages to the better class of houses, employ far more than the average proportion of labour. Building land, though it often constitutes an eyesore during its temporary abandonment to weeds and to general neglect, is reserved from cultivation merely because it is not worth while to extract a few shillings by the acre for ground which is soon to be sold by the yard. As long as

private property exists, the interest of owners will generally induce them to use it for the purposes to which it is best adapted. Acts of Parliament will never discriminate between different soils and circumstances. The lands which are really uncultivated consist almost exclusively of former farm which can no longer find tenants, and which the owner could not occupy except at a loss. If a change of system, such as the introduction of petty cultivation, were economically practicable, there are almost unlimited facilities for trying the ceriment. There is nothing to prevent the purchase on the cheapest terms of large or small tracts to be afterwards divided according to convenience among different classes of purchasers or lessees. A compulsory sale in default of a re-served price would deprive the innocent owner of any prospect of retrieving a part of his losses. It is not a little remarkable that, except a single society which has since its commencement scarcely extended its operations, no body of large or small capitalists has been formed to engage in a speculation for buying agricultural land at wholesale prices to be re-let to small purchasers. Even under a system of gratuitous grants Mr. Bradlaugh's clients would often be ruined. There is some inconvenience in criticizing on grounds of expediency schemes which ought not to be regarded as subjects of discussion. Legislative violation of rights of property discussion. Legislative violation of rights of property would scarcely be less objectionable if in particular cases it tended to increase the national wealth. The compulsory substitution of another class of cultivators for the present owners of land would be worth paying for if it were likely to be beneficial to the new possessors. Direct and unqualito be beneficial to the new possessors. Direct and unquali-fied robbery is always cheap in the first instance, but the material gain which may be realized will not compensate for the disturbance of security. When Mr. Bradlaugh asserts that there can be no absolute property in land he contradicts the general belief and the plain doctrines of law. He has the good sense to abstain from repeating the fantastic argument that by a half-forgotten legal fiction all English land is supposed to be held under the Crown English land is supposed to be held under the Crown.

#### THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

THE University match this year was peculiar in many ways. In the first place, no rain fell during play. Again, the Captain of the Oxford eleven wore, not a blue cap, as a regard for tradition demands, but a Gainsborough hat, or a Buffalo Bill hat, or some other novelty of that kind. People who think that a cricketer should be indifferent to sunstroke will regard this swart sombrero as a mere prelude to puggarees. The superstitious persons who believe that Charles I. lost his head because there was no white velvet at his coronation were inclined to fear that the sombrero would bring Oxford bad luck. But it did not; nor was bad luck attracted, though richly deserved, by the revolutionary conduct of the Oxford eleven. They actually had themselves photographed in front of the Pavilion after the umpires were at the wickets. The cries of derision and of "Take it off!" "No bali!" and the like, with which the camera was greeted, were well merited. We did not observe that Mr. Brain made any other mistakes in placing his field, at least after lunch of the first day; but the camera distinctly tarnished his laurels.

These matters may be regarded as accidents, and should be separable accidents. On the whole, the best side won the match; they won by about as much as they deserved to do; and yet the affair was well contested, and never lost till Lord George Scott and Mr. Nepean fairly frightened the bowlers on the afternoon of the third day. Cambridge won the toss, and to win the toss might well have meant to win the match. The wicket was excellent, and it seemed not improbable that a thunderstorm might later produce one of the marshes in which Mr. Steel used to luxuriate, and Oxford used to collapse for 30. On the fresh wicket Cambridge should have been good for at least 300. Oxford had plenty of bowlers, and the bowlers had plenty of variety. But none of them could be called first-rate, unless perhaps the steadiness and intelligence of Mr. Buckland merit that rank. Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Wreford Brown had been hurt, and were unable to play, perhaps luckily, as a place was thus found for Lord George Scott. Mr. Whitey began the bowling to Mr. Marchant, the Cambridge Captain, and Mr. Buxton. Mr. Marchant is probably the prettiest bat in the two teams; his cutting is like Mr. C. T. Studd's. Probably Mr. Whitey was overbowling himself—certainly he was on at the end he dislikes.

His very fast deliveries were put away in every direction, and even when he morally bowled a man the ball would graze a corner of the bat, and go for four to the ropes. Mr. FORSTER (medium left hand) bowled accurately whenever he was put on, and soon got rid of Mr. Buxron, whose hand, unluckily, was badly hit. This may account for Mr. Buxron's want of success in the match. Mr. Thomas was never much at home in his innings, but made 22, while Mr. MARCHANT, after an excellent score of 49, was caught by Mr. Whithy. Then came a happy time for Cambridge, as Mr. CRAWLEY and Mr. SUTTHERY got together. Mr. Crawley is a most determined bat, and doubtless the batting honours of the match are his. He never takes a liberty, apparently he never gives a chance; he plays the rigour of the game. Mr. SUTTHERY, too, hit with much power; he has not a very taking style, and perhaps a little reminds one, at times, of Mr. Game. The bowling, at one time, was in a Gordian knot, and a good deal cut NEPEAN'S slow deliveries, with an unholy and prodigious twist from leg, were treated as mere cricket curiosities, nor was Mr. Gresson (rather over medium left hand) more lucky. Mr. Buckland bowled at this time with the greatest accuracy and judgment. The fielders were so well placed that Cambridge spectators affected to believe there were at least fifteen Oxford men on the ground. After lunch came a welcome change. Mr. Gresson, who had let off Mr. Sutthern (hard chance to the left hand), caught him from an extremely hard hit at short leg. This was a very notable catch. Mr. Bridgeman stayed in long, but could not score. When he was l.b.w. the rest all fell to pieces. Mr. Gresson took three wickets for no runs, and Mr. Nepean, after missing Mr. Toppin, caught him in the same over.

The score was 207—a trifle, as it seemed, to Oxford. Never was a stronger batting eleven. When Mr. Philipson, the excellent wicket-keeper, goes in tenth, the power of the eleven may be estimated. But Cambridge started with fair omen; Mr. Nepean was bowled by Mr. Hale for c. The bowling, whether of Mr. Hale, Mr. Toppin, or Mr. Ford, was steady and rather puzzling. Mr. Rashleigh had only made 12 when he was caught off a ball which he did not properly get hold of. But Lord George Scott was now assisting Mr. Gresson. Lord George Gid as much as any one to win the match. He played forward a great deal, in a style of Etonian orthodoxy. If Cambridge had possessed a good slow bowler, they might have puzzled him. His foible is to play forward just a thought early. Thrice after he had got 50 he presented bowlers (Mr. Sutthers and Mr. Hale) with such catches as we do not remember to have seen missed in a University match, catches which it really was affectation to decline. However, those misses probably would not have won the match had they been held. After just making his hundred, Lord George with his forward play dropped a ball in the hands of point. Mr. Key's innings of 64 was overshadowed by his last year's performance, but was quite worthy of him. He has the highest average for the University match of any man who has played in it. Mr. Forster's 60 was really the prettiest and most impeccable Oxford innings. The bowling of Mr. Toppin about the time when Mr. Brain was caught at the wicket, and Mr. Buckland (alas!) at the same place off the next ball, was as good as any bowling in the match. It was well played, too, by Lord George Scott. Mr. Ricketts only got 17, and never "opened his shoulders" as widely as the admiring public expected from this English Bonnar. Mr. Philipson was bowled for c. Mr. Whith is the most exhilarating bat in England—while he stays. He got but one ball, and did not hit it quite over the ropes, but it was a beautiful hit. Mr. Ford caught it. The innings left Cambridge fielding was very mixed; but

In the second Cambridge innings Mr. Whitey promptly scattered the bails of Mr. Martineau; but then Mr. Marchant sweetly smote him all over the ground. Mr. Marchant, however, cannot jump in to Mr. Nepean with Mr. Philipson behind him. Mr. Forster at once bowled Mr. Thomas; and then Mr. Sutthery and Mr. Crawley got together, and played with much pluck and steadiness. Runs came slowly, but they came for all that. A good catch got rid of Mr. Sutthery for 21; and then Mr. Ford and Mr. Buxton failed to be of much service. With four wickets to fall on Tuesday night, and only 30 runs on, Wednesday's cricket seemed not worth a visit. Appearances

v v CaShtl w Tthinithdi

Oı

the

law

ver

ext dep

wh

of

fam

offe.

susc bala

for t

Rep

Bill,

whice it we mass

policy

may Coun

advis

were deceitful. Mr. Crawley not only made 103, one of the pluckiest performances ever witnessed, but the wicket-keeper, Mr. Orford, and the bowlers added 52 between them, and Oxford had to make 147 to win. When we remember how often a University eleven has collapsed in a critical hour for less than that, the affair was clearly not over. But there has seldom or never been so uniformly strong a team as Oxford, and it would have been almost a miracle to put them out for 147. The Cambridge men were no conjurers. They did get rid of Mr. Gresson and Mr. Rashleigh (two for 22), but then their old enemy fell on them, and smote them. Lord George simply "cobbed" the bowling, nor was Mr. Nepean slack in the good work. When the former was caught at short-leg, Mr. Key had only to show himself and the affair was over. The Cambridge fielding was no improvement on that of the first innings. Mr. Marchant, to tell the truth, did not set a very brilliant example. The analyses of bowling show that Oxford is really stronger in that department, though the Cambridge men seem, from the Pavilion, at least as difficult. We may except Mr. Nepean, who heads the analyses, and is clearly a puzzling person on his day. Mr. Whitey has not been a success. The ball with which Mr. Hale bowled Mr. Philipson for o was the gem of the match. Nobody could have played it with his bat, but many would have got in front of it and trusted to fortune.

#### THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

Institute was a thoroughly successful ceremony is a matter for congratulation. Her Majesty's presence afforded reason enough why we should all wish that no hitch should occur. None has, and everybody is pleased. The weather, the moderate size of the crowd, and the arrangements for keeping order were all favourable to success. In itself the occasion was an important one. The actual beginning of work on an undertaking which is designed in some way, not only to typify, but to further, the greatness and unity of the Empire ought to be considered as not the least interesting of the spectacles which have lately enlivened London. To some extent the Imperial Institute may be said to have already justified itself. A thing which is meant to represent the Empire ought to be the work of the Empire, and the Institute can fairly claim to have so far fulfilled the obligation. The funds required to start it have been collected from far and wide. As it must be supposed that the subscribers have not parted with their money before convincing themselves that it will be spent in some way agreeable to themselves, they must be understood to believe in the Imperial Institute. Now the institution aims at furthering and maintaining the Empire, so we arrive at the agreeable conclusion that this is a work which meets with general approval. To have elicited this expression of patriotic feeling is a good thing. While the sentiment exists the unity of the Empire is in no great danger, and anything which serves to strengthen it by exercise deserves encouragement. Whether the services of the Imperial Institute in the future are great or little, the subscribers who have combined to start it will at least remember that for once they have acted like one people. This, so far, is clear gain; and, as the laying of the Institute's foundation stone is the immediate outcome of this common action, the ceremony deserved all the Royal encouragement, fine weather and uncrudding approval it enjoyed.

fine weather, and ungrudging approval it enjoyed.

When the symbolical character of the occasion is properly understood, the questions as to what the Imperial Institute is actually to be or to do may be considered as of minor importance. But they are curious, and capable of starting much ingenious speculation. Professor Huxley has explained what it will not do. The Prince of Wales and Sir F. Abel have told us what it is to do in terms cheery, but somewhat oracular. It is to be a symbol of the unity of the Empire, and to forward commerce by permanent exhibition and technical education. The question whether it can do these things is linked with the other inquiry, whether commerce, as the world goes, does work for unity. The muse of Mr. Lewis Morris, overtaking her subject like Justice with halting foot, talks of "mutual commerce mighty "to efface The envious bars of Time and Place." But Mr. Lewis Morris takes the license of the poet. In these days commerce does not—it is a question whether she ever did—annihilate time and space to make two nations happy. On the contrary, she sets up protective barriers, and nowhere

more actively or more efficiently than in our Colonies. Will the Imperial Institute help to pull them down and persuade the colonists to buy in the cheap English market? or will it only serve to collect specimens of all those things on which the colonial financier longs to put a protective duty, or which, being free here, undersell the native pro-ducer? Again, Mr. Lewis Morris sings or says:—"Te-"day we would make free Our millions of their glorious "heritage; Here Labour crowds in hopeless misery,
"There is unbounded work and ready wage." But "there"
they are beginning to think that further invasions of labour will considerably interfere with "unbounded work and "ready wage." Will the Imperial Institute convince them they are wrong, or, still more difficult task, persuade them to take a smaller wage readily for unbounded work? These be questions more easy to ask than answer. be sure it will always be open to the Imperial Institute to say that it cannot make Protection more severe or emigration more difficult. Any service it may render to technical education will be clear gain to us at least. There is too much reason to believe that the English manufacturer has grown somewhat obese and lazy. He is allowing himself to be beaten by younger and more hungry rivals long to share in the good things he enjoyed so long. With or without Protection to fight against, it is well not to be hampered by want of skill and knowledge. If the Imperial Institute helps to make the British manufacturer and workman more alive to the necessity there is for modifying his old ways and using science more boldly, it will do an exceeding good work. How it is to do this we do not profess as yet to know; but the will is there, it is said, and there is an excellent old saw to encourage the promoters of the Institution. Looked at properly, the neighbourhood of Kensington may even be encouraging. The Imperial Institute, having already overcome a good deal of opposition, may now conquer certain local traditions, and there is no doubt that the fight would serve to put it in training fer further efforts.

#### THE COUNT OF PARIS AT JERSEY.

THE Count of Paris cannot be prevented from staying in the Channel Islands or from receiving there any visitors from the neighbouring shores of France; but it may be doubted whether he is consulting his own interests; and his choice of a temporary residence can scarcely be agreeable to the English Government. The heir of the Kings of France cannot enjoy the immunities of a private person; and in the present instance the promoters of an Orleanist restoration ostentatiously give a political colour to the move-ments of their chief. His adherents chartered a steamboat for the conveyance of Bretons who could not themselves afford the trifling expense of a visit to Jersey; and some hundreds of Royalists of higher position have arrived at St. Heliers under the direction of General CHARETTE. The selection by his party or the voluntary action of an hereditary repre-sentative of La Vendée is not a little significant. Before the extinction of the elder branch, the members of the ORLEANS family, although they made no claim to the succession, were regarded by the genuine Legitimists with suspicion and dislike. Their claims are now recognized by all the friends of the hereditary Monarchy, except an insignificant portion which affects to prefer the impossible title of the Spanish Pretender. Don Carlos is descended from Louis XIV. and the House of Orleans from his father, Louis XIII., but it is absurd to suppose that any party could seriously acknowledge the pre-tensions of a family which has for nearly two centuries been foreign to France. If monarchy were to become at any future time once more possible, the Count of Paris would almost certainly be preferred to Prince Napoleon or his son. The Bonapartist legend has scarcely survived the collapse of the Second Empire, and the few Imperialists who survive are themselves divided into two hostile factions. The present head of the house, though he possesses considerable ability, has never succeeded in inspiring confidence or respect, and he is now on the verge of old age. According to his professed opinion, the Empire could only be re-established by a popular vote; and an absolute Government founded on universal suffrage, though it has one remarkable precedent in recent history, has now become impossible.

The French Government will have some cause of dissatisfaction, though not of protest, if the Count of Paris continues to encourage the visits of his partisans in places like Jersey. It is, of course, fully aware that there is no English

law by which aliens can be excluded on political grounds from taking up their residence in any part of the kingdom; but a movement which is necessarily hostile to the Republic becomes irritating, though it may not be formidable, when it is conducted on the territory of a neighbouring Power, and especially when its locality is close to the frontier. It is true that the Count of Paris is not likely to be suspected of engaging in any intentional conspiracy against the Republic; but by his birth, and of late by his own public declarations, he is a Pretender. The English Government will assuredly not recognize his title to the throne of France, except in the improbable contingency of his becoming de facto king; but it will be accused of encouraging his pretensions if he makes the Channel Islands the centre of a monarchical agitation. Nothing is easier than to excite the indignation of the ignorant part of the French population against the countrymen of Pitt. It is, indeed, not thought necessary even to devise a provocation. The author of a recent pamphlet which proposes the complete annihilation of England counted with reason on the approval of a certain number of readers. A few survivors may remember the excitement which was produced when, during the reign of Louis Philippe, the Count of Chambord held a series of public receptions of his adherents at a house which he had taken for the purpose in Belgrave Square. The English Court and Government, of course, held themselves aloof from the Legitimist celebration; but they were probably included in the condemnation which was pronounced by the reigning dynasty and its adherents. The most ruinous war in which France was engaged during the eighteenth century originated in Louis XIV.'s recognition as King of England of James III., better known as the Old Pretender. There is now no chance that a similar discourtesy will be offered to the French Republic; but national jealousy may be aroused in such cases by smaller causes. It is not desirable to furnish a plausible pretext

The Republican Government, though it has expelled the Orleans Princes, still retains a hold upon them through its power of dealing with their great possessions. Napoleon III., who excepted the Orleans family from the benefit of his ordinarily placable disposition, confiscated, as soon as he attained absolute power, the whole of their property, with the exception of the Condé estates, which had been devised to the Duke of Aumale by the last Duke of Bourbon. On the fall of the Empire the property was restored to its lawful owners, and in their exile they still enjoy the revenues. It is, unfortunately, not impossible that the extreme Radicals may seek popularity by attempting to deprive the family of the means, as they may suggest, of plotting against the Republic. The ostensible reasons for the expulsion from France of members of houses which have reigned were apparently trivial. The Count of Paris had invited two foreign Ambassadors to a family festival, and it was deemed an aggravation of the offence that he had accepted the congratulations of the French Ambassador at Lisbon on his daughter's marriage. The pilgrimage of General Charette and his friends to Jersey might be regarded as not less offensive to Republican susceptibilities. If parties were equally or approximately balanced, it might be worth while to incur considerable risk for the purpose of affecting public opinion; but all recent evidence proves that, at least for the present, the vast majority of Frenchmen feel or profess attachment to the Republic. At almost all by-elections Republican or Radical candidates are elected; and such measures as the Army Bill, with its deadly blows to the Church, are passed by overwhelming majorities. After the plébiscite of 1870, which reaffirmed the devotion of the country to the Empire, it would be rash to calculate on the consistency of the great mass of the nation; but at present both town and country seem to prefer the Republican form of government, and the numerous class which only wishes to be on the winning si

d

d

S

n

8-

h r. se to e-

d

nt

bed

nt

n-

While the formal reception of Royalist deputations may perhaps be inexpedient, there is no reason why the Count of Paris should not contribute to the guidance of his political adherents. It is only doubtful whether he was well advised in addressing to an assembly of three or four hundred persons communications which might have been confined to a few of their leaders. The deputation from St. Malo asked the Prince whether he approved of the Parlia-

mentary conduct of the Right; and they might confidently anticipate his answer, as the policy of which they spoke is the result of his own advice. On the present occasion be repeated his wish and opinion that the Royalist party should support by its vote the principles which it professedly and really holds. It seems that in his judgment the interests of the Conservative party require certain unnamed constitutional reservations; but the supposed conditions are probably mentioned only for the purpose of avoiding a public difference of opinion. The question and answer might be thought frivolous by a foreigner who had not watched the proceedings of the Conservative minority. The Reactionaries, as they are called by their adversaries, have too often voted with the extreme Radicals for the sole purpose of embarrassing Ministers of comparatively moderate Republican opinions. The last change of Government was effected by a temporary coalition of the Royalists with the followers of M. Clémenceau; yet the two sections of the majority had not a single principle in common. About the time of the expulsion of himself and his family from France the Count of Paris advised his friends to abandon the practice of indiscriminate opposition. It is evidently for the public, if not for the dynastic, interest that moderate members, whether Royalist or Republican, should combine against the revolutionary and anarchic factions which become every day more active. There seems at present to be little prospect of a restoration; but, if constitutional monarchy became possible, its popularity would mainly depend on the confidence which it might inspire in its steadiness and moderation. The authority of the Count of Paris will perhaps be sufficient to effect the change of policy which he recommends to his friends. The advocates of indiscriminate opposition virtually admit that they are not serious candidates for power.

#### "LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR AGO."

R. GLADSTONE has exploded more than one super"than a year," to quote that chronological slip of Lord
Hartington's which has so much disturbed him; and we
are not without hope that his latest performances with
tongue and pen may have done something to shake the
Gladstonolater's most inveterate superstition of all.
Devotees who have found out the feet of clay still believe
in the "head of fine gold." Their faith in Mr. Gladstone's
unimpaired intellectual ability has survived their discovery
of his moral defects; and the one form of intellectual
ability wherein they still hold him to be supreme is that
which displays itself in controversial skill. The Gladstone
of their chilled enthusiasm and much less devout worship
has ceased to be the inspired apostle, but he is still to
them the unrivalled gladiator, as cunning of dialectical
fence as ever. If his style is often too subtle for the crowd,
so that they cannot see that he wins the bouts which
his ring of admirers so loudly claim for him, he at least
never gets obviously and unmistakably the worst of it;
never lays himself open to hits so palpable that his own
OSRICS have to admit them; never, in a word, exposes
himself to a defeat so signal and humiliating as to be impossible to hide from the simplest and rawest of the spectators of the fray. That, we say, is the idea which still
lingers in some minds with respect to Mr. Gladstone as apolitical controversialist; and we are curious to know
whether it can possibly be proof against the wretched exhibition with which the once famous performer has provided
the world in his recent encounter with Lord Hartington.
Will it survive the revelations of that gratuitous challenge,
that glaringly imprudent attack of Saturday last, and that
feeble, slovenly, stumbling rejoinder of the following Thursday! If it will survive all this, it will survive anything.

To begin with. Why did he want to fight at all at such.

To begin with. Why did he want to fight at all at such disadvantage as his self-chosen ground inflicted upon him? Lord Hartington had simply given expression the other day to his regret at being "separated from old and respected." colleagues in office and in Parliament with whom, up to a "comparatively recent period, I never knew that I was in." disagreement on the question of Ireland"; and had added that it was "little more than a year ago since he was acting, "or thought he was acting, in complete harmony with. "those friends upon all Irish questions." Now there are, of course, points in which this statement deviates from strict accuracy, chronological and other. It is possible to seize, as Mr. Gladstone has done, upon the phrase "all Irish

bb So win by the win ab sat Frob to in Br

one tra

bata

and

The

con

stir

on l

was Rep expe Has

shell

in d of V

nativ youn hollo

subject of per huma fault, som the s

fleet, Hebr to rai above ting it all ke delive

can g

B. FI

downs for L sufficie

Englamillen facture Germa

vinces Englar cause l

Such his hist things, their of

hardly ten tim

"questions," and to point out that on "some Irish ques-"tions" there have been differences of more or less length of standing between Lord Hartington and his colleagues. Or, again, it is possible, as he has himself admitted, to except to the expression "a little more than a year ago," on the ground that it is now nearly two years since Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE sent up that memorable balloon from Hawarden, and that Lord Harrington must have known from that moment, at any rate, that the oldest and most respected of his colleagues in office and Parliament was in the most startling disagreement with him on the most important of all Irish questions. All this is so, no doubt; but what in the world was the use of making small points of this kind at a private-public dinner-party in Kensington Palace Gardens? Every adult male person of the smallest political and general intelligence in the United Kingdom knew perfectly well what Lord Harrington meant by the sentence quoted, just as well as if he had said, "It was not "till comparatively a short time ago—less than two years "ago—that I discovered that my old and respected "colleagues in office and Parliament were prepared to "repeal the Act of Union." Unless, therefore, Mr. GLADSTONE had been able to reply, with proofs, "This is not "so; for I, for one, informed you three months, or six "months more than two years ago, that I personally was "prepared to repeal the Act of Union"—unless, we say, Mr. Gladstone was able to make such a reply as this, the merest tiro in controversy could have told him that it would be a flagrant blunder to break silence at all. But, for some reason best known to himself, Mr. GLADSTONE could not help breaking silence, and he accordingly addressed his fellow-guests at Sir Joseph Pease's in that remarkable Saturday-night speech which he was determined (also for reasons best known to himself) that nobody mined (also for reasons best known to himself) that nobody should read till Monday. In this he sets himself to prove that his apostasy and that of his servile following from the cause of the Union has been wrongly dated by Lord Hartington (for this, we repeat, is the real proposition which Mr. Gladstone had to prove), and the proof is (1) that in 1885 Lord Hartington made declarations on Irish policy which drew from his leader a letter of "the strongest "remonstrance"; (2) that four months earlier the "gravest differences upon Irish policy had arisen, in which he was "on one side and Lord HARTINGTON on the other"; and (3) that in February 1883 Lord Hartington had made a speech as to the extension of local liberties and local institutions in Ireland, which Mr. GLADSTONE, then at Cannes, "re"ceived with little less than horror."

Everybody capable of criticizing a political controversy at all must, we should imagine, have read these singular trivialities in pure wonder as to what purpose their author could possibly believe them to serve. Suppose they prove that more than two, or three, or four years ago Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington differed on the question of extending the franchise to Ireland, or on the question of Irish local government—what then? What, in the name of reason and relevancy, has all that to do with the real issue—that, namely, as to the time when Mr. Gladstone was formally "received" into the Separatist Church, and accepted the doctrine of Mr. Parnell? To trifle with that issue as Mr. Gladstone did at Sir Joseph Pease's was indeed to "give himself away"; and Lord Hartington's reply to the Universities deputation at Devonshire House is simply annihilating. As to the matter of dates, the "little "more than a year ago," the answer is simple enough. The time was understated, in any case, but it is not so much understated as regards other "old and respected colleagues" of Lord Hartington, of whom, as he says, he was chiefly thinking, as it is with regard to Mr. Gladstone himself. The Hawarden balloon had prepared everybody for what the chief was meditating as long ago as the winter of 1885; but it was not till the spring of 1886 and the retirement of Mr. Chamerlan and his now fallen colleague from the Cabinet that Lord Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, and the other humble seekers after truth were definitely known to have found salvation. As to the letter of "strongest "remonstrance" on the speech delivered in September 1885, it was in the first place marked "Private"; in the second place it is denied altogether by Lord Hartington to have been a letter of "the strongest remonstrance," and in the third place, so far as it remonstrated at all, it remonstrated not against the particular views of Irish policy then declared by Lord Hartington, but against the impolicy, as the writer characteristically conceived it, of making an

of opinion four months earlier, Mr. GLADSTONE, having, Lord Hartington "assumes, obtained Her Majesty's "sanction to the publication of the proceedings in the "Cabinet," will, he hopes, "think it desirable to enter into "a little further explanation on the subject." This is particularly neat, and we will not spoil it by a word of comment. Nor need we notice Lord Hartington's reply to the charge of having filled Mr. Gladstone with horror by his views on the extension of local liberties and local institutions in Ireland. That matter is too ridiculously remote from the question as to the moment when Mr. Gladstone resolved to "go it blind" for the Repeal of the Union. The most crushing of all Lord Hartington's replies is that which he makes to the complaint against him of having propounded "conditions" at the last general election which Mr. Gladstone, pledged, as he now says, to take the opinion of the people on a definite legislative scheme, was unable to accept. One sentence, one question disposes of this extraordinary complaint. If Mr. Gladstone was pledged to go to the country on a definite and unalterable scheme, what becomes of his reiterated assertion that "the Bill was dead," and that the constituencies were only to be called upon to affirm a "general principle"!

Mr. GLADSTONE has answered this speech in a letter to Lord Hartington, which has been published in all the newspapers; and it is to this even more than to the after-dinner speech that we would call the attention of all who still repeat the obsolete chatter about Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled powers as a controversialist. The most damaging of all his adversary's points—the one to which we have last adverted—he ignores altogether. Obviously it was too dangerous to be handled. He shirks the direct challenge offered him on the subject of the "very strong remon-"strance," assents to the publication of the letter, if Lord HARTINGTON thinks that it does not "deserve the title he "gave it," and at the same time fully attempts to justify that title by the plea that "any remonstrance from a Prime "Minister and the leader of a party to a colleague on a "public subject is a serious and very rare occurrence"; which, however, does not convert a remonstrance on one subject into a remonstrance on another. In the third paragraph of his letter he pleads new matter " to the effect that Lord Hartington had himself in the most handsome "manner acquitted him of what is termed taking the world hy surprise with respect to Irish policy." This state-" by surprise with respect to Irish policy." ment he supports by a quotation from a speech of Lord Hartington in March 1886, which does not in the slightest degree substantiate it; and it is moreover one which, if substantiated, would not cover the case of the other "old "and respected colleagues" of Lord Hartington, who, in the "and respected colleagues" of Lord Hartington, who, in the spring of 1886, were still in possession of powers long since exhausted by Mr. Gladstone himself of "taking the public by "surprise." But the most astonishing testimony to the decline of Mr. Gladstone's disputative power is to be found in his two-line reference to the case of Ulster. The pleadings on this matter are now complete, and a strange study they are. Lord Hartington originally said that to "admit the "possibility of a separate assembly for Ulster would require "a complete remodelling" of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. To which Mr. Gladstone indignantly, but inconsequently, replied that he had always been ready to entertain any practical scheme on this point that could be suggested or was desired by Ulster. Whereupon Lord Hartington made the obvious rejoinder that to have "entertained" such a scheme would have necessitated a complete remodelling a scheme would have necessitated a complete remodelling of the Bill. And now Mr. GLADSTONE'S last word is to declare that he "simply adheres to his statement." How are we to understand this impenitent ignoratio elenchi? As a piece of argumentative audacity or a sign of intellectual confusion? In either case, we ought to hear no more of the "controversial ability" which can be satisfied with it.

## PLUS D'ANGLETERRE, PAR M. CABASSE DE CASTILLONNES.

THE remarkable work which, though published anonymously, we have ventured, we hope without indiscretion, to attribute to its obvious author, gives a masterly sketch of the beneficent series of events which at the close of the nineteenth century led to the condign punishment of the infame Angleterre. Without more than a passing reference to the author's merits as a stylist and a thinker, we shall proceed to condense his condensation of the history of

hdy

0-

E

ly

he

n-

00

n-

nat

me a

ird ect

me rld teord est if old the

the

ind

ngs

ule on-

ain

ing

ow

the

ony-

erly lose at of

y of

this great revolution. About 1890, then; the French people became tired of waiting till Germany was weak enough to be safely attacked; they resolved to fall upon somebody else. So they hooted M. de Blowitz at the theatre, and declared war on England. There were other reasons for fighting of minor gravity—such as the murder of M. de Myre de Vilers by the infamous Willoudher, lured by the gold of Pitt, and the upsetting of the French Consul at Cairo into the gutter, with his banner; but it was the hooting of M. de Blowitz that did it. Such an act could only lead to war. In a noble burst-of enthusiasm France at last prepared to avenge humanity. Linfame Angleterre, which had so long gone about the world grabbing its booty right and left; which sat in its island den and span coils of trouble for its noble French neighbours; which oppressed Ireland—always an object of tender French solicitude—was at last to be brought to book. There was mobilization, and manning of ships, and in a brace of shakes all the Messagerie steamers were at Brest. The management of the Government was so perfect that these vessels were collected at next to no notice in one port before their withdrawal from the usual lines of traffic had attracted the slightest attention.

The enterprise for which they had been collected was executed with a facility very surprising to those who had not properly weighed the relative strength of the combatants. For England was at this time oppressing the world with a mere shadow of a sabre. Her army was small, and all that was of real value in it was on foreign service. Her navy, though stronger, was not adequate to its work. The author of a series of papers called "The Great Naval "War of 1887" had, indeed, after conquering the stupid conceit of John Bull, and the difficulties of chronology, concert of John Bull, and the difficulties of chronology, stirred the country up to increase its navy, but too late to preserve *l'infâme Angleterre* from her long-delayed but well-merited punishment. Besides a timely Russian attack on India had drawn off a large part of her forces. So when a gallant Vice-Admiral who knew the merits of melinite had beaten the English fleet off *L'Abervrach*, and the way was clear, swift ruin fell on the monster. A general, young, Republican, pure from intrigues, distinguished in a foreign expedition (did his name begin with a B?), landed at Hastings after bombarding the lodging-houses with melinite Hastings after bombarding the lodging-houses with melinite shells. He and his four army corps had little difficulty in disposing of the British army, which consisted mostly of Volunteers, very ill drilled and frequently not armed (Carasse has studied his facts). Indeed, such was the native superiority of the French, and the genius of the young and Republican general, that the fight was a very hollow business from the beginning. We hasten from a subject of little real interest to show what were the terms of neare granted after surrender to these enemies of the of peace granted after surrender to these enemies of the human race. As the French nation is magnanimous to a fault, they were extremely moderate—a milliard as ran-som for London, fourteen more for the rest of the country, the surrender of all the possessions of England and its fleet, the recognition of the rights of France in the New fleet, the recognition of the rights of France in the New Hebrides (what a bathos!), and an engagement never to raise the army above fifty thousand men or the fleet above fifty ships. That was all. Over and above letting the old enemy off so easily, the French, who, as we all know, carry civilization in the folds of their trousers, delivered England from the oligarchy which had so long governed her for the misfortune of the whole human race. Under the auspices of the pure young Republican general, the classes were effectually dethroned; the Lord Maire and the masses took things in hand. Mr. B. Firth will be glad to hear that the first effect of the B. FIRTH will be glad to hear that the first effect of the downfall of tyrants was the establishment of a Municipality for London. He will doubtless think the compensation sufficient to atone for the preliminary disasters. When England was brought to her bearings in this way, the millennium began at once. Manufacturers ceased to manufacture too much, workmen ceased to crowd into the towns, Garmany reduced her army, and gave back the Rhine provinces in consideration for receiving part of the spoil of England. The dove of peace descended, and, the disturbing cause having been removed, the world had rest.

Such is the idyllic picture with which M. Cabasse ends his history. It is a curious piece, and shows, among other things, how tenaciously some Frenchmen stick to some of their old hatreds. There are, though most Englishmen can hardly realize the fact, Frenchmen who hate this country ten times more than they do Germany, and who denounce it with the funniest mixture of gravity and fury. M. Cabasse, for example, is as solemn as an owl throughout all this non-

sense of his. A little difference between ourselves and our neighbours is aptly illustrated by this foaming pamphlet. When we write a "Battle of Dorking" or imitate it, we do it to show what blockheads we are and how certainly we shall be beaten. When Frenchmen do it, they write to show what splendid fellows they are and how certainly they will win. And yet recent experience might have shown them how rash it is to brag before putting on your armour.

#### THE MURDER OF HASSIN.

DIVERS observations made orally and in print during the past week upon the murder of a Malay, for which four men were recently sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, constitute a new and extremely unpleasant illustration of the fact that cowardice, even when it leads to gross cruelty, is by no means unlikely, at the present time, to earn as much sympathy as reprobation. A meeting of persons claiming to represent the different industries connected with the merchant service has petitioned for the reprieve of the convicts, after a discussion which set this common failing in a very clear light. It should be recorded to the credit of JAMES GREEK, a sailor, that he stigmatized the murder as it deserved, and voted against a resolution whereby it was illogically declared that the homicide was justifiable, and that therefore a short term of imprisonment would meet the justice of the case. The fact that he was in a minority of one does little credit to the rest of the meeting.

The circumstances of the case are made fairly clear by the published reports of the trial. Hassin was one of two Malays shipped as seamen in a short-handed crew, and, instead of doing his work, he hid in the fore-peak, and refused to come out. He once came into the Captain's cabin at night, where he does not appear to have made any attempt to injure him, and was then secured and put in irons. He wriggled himself out, being probably, like most Malays, a small and slender-jointed man, and hid again in the fore-peak. The crew got more and more afraid that he would make some attack upon them, and, eventually, after deliberation, shot him in the foot and the side, dragged him deliberation, shot him in the foot and the side, dragged him on deck, and then, apparently with the view of putting him out of his misery and being quit of a disagreeable business, blew his brains out. It is suggested in their defence, first, that he had a knife, and had uttered expressions capable of being construed as threats, and was suspected of being likely to run amuck; and, secondly, that he might have scuttled the ship, or set fire to it. As to the possibility of his scuttling the ship, there was no evidence whatever that he made the least attempt to do so. The carpenter deposed that one night he heard knocking, but that he did not think that the ship was being scuttled, and did not go to see what Hassin was doing and that he and did not go to see what HASSIN was doing, and that he did not think it worth while, after HASSIN had been killed, to go and find out whether he had in fact done any harm to the ship. As to his "threats" about "me kill one me die," it is impossible to say what they meant, or whether they meant anything. He might have meant that if he killed any of them, the rest would kill him, and that, therefore, he any of them, the rest would kill him, and that, therefore, he should not attempt any violence. As to his knife, and the possibility that he might run amuck, it was a reason for putting him in confinement when he refused to do his work, but it was not a reason for murdering him. If an English sailor, with a pike and a sufficient supply of ropes and missiles, backed up by ten comrades, dare not go down into a fore-peak, and capture one wretched little Malay with a knife, who has no opportunity of taking him by surprise, then he is grievously wanting either in agility or in courage, and is certainly quite unfit to be relied upon in moments of danger. The obvious truth is that the sailors, who proof danger. The obvious truth is that the sailors, who probably did not regard the Malay quite as a human being, were thoroughly frightened. They had heard stories of Malays running amuck, and slaughtered HASSIN with the same remorseless cruelty that a child who had been terrified same remorseless cruelty that a child who had been terrified by stories of mad dogs might show to a puppy that growled and refused to come out of a dark corner. In any case there could be no possible justification or excuse for the final murder. The victim was wounded, and utterly powerless to hurt anybody. He might have been secured without the smallest danger, and it might have been ascertained whether his previous wounds were dangerous or not. But they thought it simpler to kill him outright.

The representatives of shipping industries appear to re-

The representatives of shipping industries appear to regard this slaughter as very natural and proper under the

circumstances, and urge that the convicts did not know they were breaking the law. What is equally deplorable and more surprising is that several writers in highly respectable journals say the same thing. If it is not generally known at sea that it is murder to kill a man except in self-defence or in moments of extraordinary emergency, such as riotous conduct when the ship is in danger, the sconer that elementary piece of legal knowledge begins to be disseminated the better. No one would suggest that circumstances cannot be imagined which would justify a captain in summarily killing a mutineer, or any one who was causing grave actual peril to the ship; but Hassin was killed, not for anything he had done, but for what a set of ignorant cowards were afraid he possibly might do. The Secretary of State has decided to what extent the clemency of the Crown should be extended to the prisoners, and that is a question upon which he is, no doubt, competent to give Her Majesty good advice. But they and the public generally should be made to understand that their act was one of detestable cruelty prompted by gross and inexcusable cowardice.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE PROGRESS OF BUSINESS.

THE discussion which took place on Monday night as to the intentions, or rather hopes, of the Government was chiefly interesting because of the sharp passage of arms which it occasioned between Mr. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Mr. Goschen, and Sir William Harcourt. The elation of the Separatist chiefs at their victory in the Spalding division was exceedingly natural. He would be a churl who should grudge it them, and a foolish person who should attempt to minimize the victory itself. The fact of it confirms in the amplest manner the arguments of those who objected to the further extension of the franchise altogether, and of those who, now that it has been extended, urge that the day of figure-head candidates and easy-going electioneering is over for ever. The inferiority of the Conservative candidate in platform aptitude and the vigorous canvassing of a motley band of Nonconformist ministers and delegates of "No. 1" decided the day, as it will too often be decided in similar cases. The loss of a seat is nothing very terrible in itself, but the fresh proof of the untrustworthiness of the present constituencies is, though not in the least surprising, disagreeable enough. But, as we say, the Separatists were justified in their elation, and it was perhaps natural that they should be spirited up to try to recover in debate, as Mr. Gladstone had already tried to recover in his oratorical display at that singular Pease-feast of his, the heavy defeats of last week in the lobbies.

On neither occasion, however, did the oratorical display of the enemy contain anything to discourage Unionists. The prize in the rally of Monday night by general consent went to Mr. Goschen, and most certainly it was not wrested from him by Sir William Harcourt's outburst, creditable as that outburst may have been in the way of a display of simulated indignation. Sir William, like many others of his party, seems to labour under the curious notion that to protest noisily against an imputation is in some occult but effective way to disprove it. It does not matter one button whether Mr. Goschen's remarks were "irritating," "offensive," "uncourteous," "insulting," or bitter," for the simple reason that, if they are true, they are none of these things, and if they are untrue, that is a fault which swallows up all others. We know, all sensible men know, that they are true, and that being so, his remarks on "death dances" are about as much to the point as if a prisoner sentenced to death should complain of the "mummery of the black cap," and urge that the presiding judge's words in sentencing him were "bitter, offensive, and "irritating." Furthermore Sir William, as every one who can afford to read a newspaper is aware, has been more mixed up in the discreditable proceedings of the Opposition than any one else, and has since the beginning of the present Session conducted himself in a way almost unprecedented for a man of his position. He pays the electors at Derby and elsewhere an exceedingly bad compliment if he thinks them ignorant of this. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley were as usual less boisterously demonstrative than their remarkable colleague, who, having either kept his opinions concerning Home Rule concealed for years or changed them in toto during the last few months, accuses Mr. Goschen, whose record on the subject is absolutely consistent, of "desertion."

But the strange mistake which made Mr. Morley describe the opposition to the Land Act as "far more excessive" than his own resistance to the present Crimes Bill matched even Sir William Harcourt in inexactitude, and his wresting of Mr. Smith's perhaps unwisely polite words can only be said to prove that politeness towards Gladstonians is a pearl in the wrong place. As for Mr. Gladstonians is a pearl in the wrong place. As for Mr. Gladstonians he is so in the habit of surpassing himself, that each exploit of record-breaking can hardly be noticed at length. Still there is usually in each something worth attention, and assuredly there was something worth attention here. Three times over Mr. Gladstone admitted that the demands of the Government for time were reasonable, and that the proposed distribution of the time, if it were given, was judicious. And three times over he went back on these admissions to argue that the conduct of the Government was none the less prospectively and retrospectively abominable. It is edifying to think of the fulminations against trifling and equivocation which any such conduct in any such case on the other side would bring down from the austere moralists who support the member for Midlothian.

The interest, however, of this short speech naturally cannot equal that of the larger one in which, with conscious or unconscious humour, Mr. GLADSTONE defended exclusive dealing—to wit, boycotting—at the very moment that he or his host, or somebody representing the one or the other, was exercising that kind of wild justice on the This, probably the longest oration which has ever been delivered at a private dinner but reported in the public prints, was in great part a set answer to Lord Harrington—a fact which made the choice of the particular occasion for the particular purpose odder than ever. Yet this also when examined is found to be fuller of instruction and interest as to Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarkable character generally than as to any positive facts of politics or history. Mr. GLADSTONE tries very hard to make out that he was a Home Ruler, and that Lord HARTINGTON knew he was a Home Ruler, long before the memorable " Hawarden of Christmas twelvemonth. This shows that Lord HARTINGTON stuck as long as he could to his chief, and it proves also that the charge against Mr. GLADSTONE of neglecting to show his Home Rule sympathies when he held them, and had an opportunity of giving effect to them, is by his own showing true; but what conclusion adverse to Lord Harrington and favourable to Mr. Gladstone it enforces we are wholly unable to see. There is the characteristic playing to the Irish gallery in such a phrase as "an executive officer like Lord Castlereagh, " or a Secretary for Ireland like Mr. BALFOUR." the equally characteristic disingenuousness—for no milder word is possible—of declaring that the law has divided the interest in Irish land between landlord and tenant, but suppressing the fact, which is of the essence of the arrangement, that the tenant's interest is fixed expressly on the principle of "good year, bad year." Most remarkable of all was the outcry against the "revolutionary doctrine" that Parliament has relinquished power over the Colonies, from which it can only be inferred that Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared at some time or other to play the part of CHARLES TOWNSHEND, and that, if he lives long enough, we may see Sydney Harbour, metaphorically speaking, "black with unexpected tea." Probably no man living but Mr. Gladstone, perhaps no man who ever lived and was not, politically speaking, a noodle, except Mr. Gladstone, would have indulged in such an argument as this. Yet once more Mr. Gladstone, in the face of the clearest demonstration, declares that Irish boycotters and rent-refusers are using similar means to English Trade-Unionists—that is to say, that English Trade-Unionists take, and are held scatheless by the law in taking, forcible possession of their employers' manufactories and plant. This last misrepresentation is so shamelessly and plant. This last misrepresentation is so shamelessly gross that we can only suppose a real mistake to lie at the bottom of it. But, apart from these characteristic peculiarities, we may seek vainly any coherent explanation of the present phase of Gladstonianism in Mr. Gladstone. As ever, he tells us nothing which would not justify Home Rule for Southwark or Home Rule for Suffolk as well as Home Rule for Ireland. As ever, he gives not the slightest reason for the change (or the concealment, whichever he prefers) of his feelings about Home Rule which would not apply to Suffolk or to Southwark. And, as ever, while inveighing against Unionists, and protesting his own pacific intentions, he carefully eschews the utterance of even a single word tending to relinquishment of his original Home Rule proposals.

the BE the him acc tha at l in and SAN white

spir

Sou

Ti

Will BE M

to a service oul defersort the sufficient to w Just sixt fessi

him.

adve

then

T

bank lender only, point bask fewer Mr. deal respective prin A nine ALFE just a

Justi MANI that which to pa there was

much the g Beyr end t pound prope

#### CREDATUR JUDÆO.

"TPON the application of Mr. Kisch, all the documents were impounded which had not already been impounded by Mr. Justice Stephen in Boss v. Saville." These significant words conclude the Times' report of Beyfus v. Jonna and others, which has occupied the attention of Mr. Justice Manisty and a special jury for fourteen days. The quotation will suggest to the least experienced eye that there has been a good deal of what is euphemistically called hard swearing, supported by written testimony, either genuine or fictitious. The plaintiff, Mr. Alfred Beyfus, is a solicitor. Of the three defendants, Mr. Jonas is also a solicitor, Mr. Marks was his clerk, while Mr. Frank Saville is a money-lender and bill-discounter. The nett result of thirteen days' hard labour, with three Queen's Counsel on the same side, is that Beyfus has received forty shillings from Saville, and that Marks has obtained judgment, without costs, the Judge being thoroughly dissatisfied with his conduct. Mr. Jacob Nathaniel Jonas left the country before the action, and the case went against him by default. The complaint of Mr. Beyfus, for whom Sir Charles Russell appeared, was that the defendants had conspired to bring a false charge against him for the purpose of extorting money. This kind of accusation is usually made the subject of criminal rather than civil proceedings, but by asking for damages Mr. Beyfus at least gave his opponents the chance of offering evidence in their own defence. Marks took advantage of the fact, and submitted himself to cross-examination accordingly. Saville prudently kept out of the witness-box. The charge which the defendants were accused of conspiring to bring was itself a charge of conspiracy, the alleged object of conspiracy number one being to cheat a certain Mr. Palmer out of a reversionary interest to some property in New South Wales. The jury were unanimously of opinion that Jonas and Saville did use the criminal law against Beyfus to get money out of him, and that Marks acted as the servant of Jonas in this plea

These proceedings, which will not add much, except in an adverse sense, to the reputation of any one concerned in them, all arose out of the bankruptcy of a young man named William Herry Palmer. Mr. Palmer became bankrupt through answering the advertisement of a moneylender, and that is perhaps the most obvious, if not the only, moral of the story. If everybody would make a point of putting such documents into the waste-paper basket without besitation or perusal, there would be far fewer poor fools in the world, and rather fewer rich knaves. Mr. Palmer's bankruptcy was made the subject for a good deal of brisk speculation. Saville, with two gentlemen respectively called Genese and Boss, seems to have been the principal speculator, and Palmer's reversionary interest in Australian land was bought by or through Genese for nine hundred pounds. A summons was granted against Alfred Beyfus at the Marlborough Street Police Court, just now in rather bad repute, on the unsworn statement of Saville and Marks. This is, to say the least of it, a loose way of doing business, and we do not wonder that Mr. Justice Manisty should be "shocked." In Mr. Justice Manisty's opinion there was not a scintilla of legal evidence that Beyfus was to have any share of Palmer's property, which Palmer thought he had been fraudulently induced to part with below its proper value. As a matter of fact, there was a good deal of evidence to show that the property was sold by auction at its fair market price, and, if so, much of the case against Beyfus necessarily falls to the ground. But then comes the curious fact that the Beyfus family offered six thousand pounds for putting an end to the prosecution, and that the sum of five hundred pounds was actually paid, of which Palmer, most improperly, received more than half before he went to

ly

Australia, where it is to be charitably hoped that he will do better than he did here. Why the offer to pay money for the withdrawal of the prosecution was made has not been satisfactorily explained, though it is suggested that the plaintiff's relatives took the step against the wish of the plaintiff. "Why," asked Mr. Justice Manisty, "did "Saville go and find out Palmer, and suggest that he "should prosecute, and had been the victim of a conspiracy "to make him a bankrupt?" Why, indeed? But the whole case is full of unsolved problems, and the plaintiff, who comes out of the case better than anybody else, has yet to ask the Divisional Court to make Saville pay him five hundred pounds. It is as well for the public, especially the younger generation, that trials of this kind occasionally take place. Nosse omnia here salus est adolescentulis.

#### THE EASTERN MAILS.

THE discussion on the renewed mail contract with the P. & O., after being suspended for a month and drawn out to a somewhat excessive length, has ended in a respectable manner. It at least gave the House an opportunity of dealing with a business matter in a businesslike way. Everybody who spoke, spoke fairly well to the point and kept his temper, which, as times go, is a subject for congratulation. Now that it is all over and the votefor the contract has been allowed, there seems to be no obvious reason why the work should not have been done a month ago. If the contract had been treated as a pure matter of business, this speed would doubtless have been attained. But a good deal came into the discussion which was not business. The ostensible question whether the Government had made a good contract was much confused by another—namely, whether the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company was a sufficiently moral and patriotic firm to deserve the contract. Several gentlemen were of opinion that it was not, and they even accused it of giving unfair advantages to foreign shippers. As a matter of probability it is not a plausible contention that a steamship Company would offend the local market for the sake of securing a necessarily rather unsafe connexion with foreigners. But Mr. SUTHERLAND, speaking as its chairman, was able to assert that the P. & O. is so far from favouring the foreigner that it refuses to do business with him when it might get it by offering rather better terms than are usually offered to English shippers. We are glad to hear that the Company is so patriotic; but, after all, the sound English sentiments of the P. & O. have not much to do with the question whether a given contract for the carriage of mails is the best and cheapest.

After a very thorough thrashing out of the dispute both in Parliament and among business men, it has been decided by the House of Commons that the contract is a good one. By its terms the Government is bound for ten years to the P. & O., which, in consideration of a yearly subsidy of 265,000l., is to carry the Indian, Chinese, and Australian mails. Of course the merit of this arrangement depends wholly on the question whether the work could have been done by others more quickly, more surely, and for less money. As to the last point the balance of evidence is entirely in favour of the contract. There can be no doubt, as was pointed out in the House, that Companies would have been found to offer to do it for half the money, but those tenders are not such as it would be economical to accept. The P. & O. has a good record for punctuality. It has not always escaped criticism, and of late years it has been much the better for a little stirring by competition; but it remains by far the greatest Company trading with the East, and it can give guarantees such as no other can. As regards the question of speed the case against the Company is stronger; there is no doubt that the Messageries boats, at least, if not some German and Austrian vessels, do make journeys out and home more quickly than the P. & O.; but it will probably be found that they touch at fewer ports, and it is certain that they enjoy a great subvention from their Governments. It is not at all clear that the interests of the nation would be served by hampering the P. & O. still further in the competition. The limit of speed fixed by the contract does not seem high, but the passenger traffic to the East has never been considerable enough to encourage steamship Companies to build vessels as swift as the Atlantic liners. The home Government does not stand alone in trusting the P. & O. The Indian and Colonial Governments,

J

the

and

site

Go

mig

is p

rate

nati

Ho

hea

Sir

elec

bilit

cha

ther

to h

by the charthe som

rega with

agai

prac

the

it i

cour

oppe

men

pub

and

but

that

habi bette a da

a q

man

plair

when

with one or two exceptions, have shown the same confidence, and where it is withheld an explanation can be found in a local trade dispute. The partisans of a cheap oceanic postage, who have been among the most active opponents of the contract, are considerably damped by the fact that the Colonial Governments show an entire want of enthusiasm for a reform which would deprive them of a large revenue. They can hardly contend that the mother-country should bear the whole loss which would be entailed by enabling Australians to send letters home for a penny. No solid reason has been given for breaking a connexion between the Company and the postal service which has lasted for many years, and which, as far as can be seen, secures the doing of the country's work for as moderate an outlay as would be required to get it properly done by any other firm. The attempt to prove that there have been jobbery and underhand transactions during the drawing up of the contract never was supported by anything better than mere spiteful allegation, and is sufficiently disposed of by the denial of the Government. More respect is due to the action of members of the House who wish to add some stipulation to the contract by which the country could be sure of the service of the P. & O. steamers during war. It would undoubtedly be a good thing to do; but as yet it has been done by granting subventions over and above freights paid for service. There is no reason why the P. & O. should be worse treated than the Cunard or the White Star.

#### THE LAND BILL.

THE later stages of the Land Bill in the House of Lords have given rise to debates of a much more informing kind than were the earlier discussions of the measure. For one thing they have tended to clear up one very important misconception which it was the interest of the GLADSTONE-PARNELL party to foster, and which, as a matter of fact, they have very sedulously, and perhaps too successfully, cultivated. We are quite prepared to admit that the Bill is not a miracle of expert draftsmanship, and that there is a certain amount of justice in some of the criticisms which have been directed against it. But the reflections which its pledged opponents have made upon it on the strength of extensive modification which it has undergone are based upon an entire misapprehension, or, more probably, on a wilful misrepresentation, of its character. Lord Salisbury, in the lucid and trenchant speech in which he defended it against the attack of Lord HERSCHELL last week, disposed, it is to be hoped finally, of these unfair animadversions upon the measure. Nothing, in fact, could be less reasonable than to assume, as Radical critics are in the habit of doing, that Ministers submitted the Land Bill to Parliament as a matured and elaborated scheme for dealing with the Irish land question, or even for that por-tion of the question with which alone it is concerned. Such a project of legislation on such a subject, and constructed perforce upon such lines as Ministers were compelled by no choice of their own to follow, would have been an impossi-bility. The Government had to do two things: first, to bring a certain class of tenants now excluded from the benefits of the Land Act of 1881 within its relieving opebenefits of the Land Act of 1881 within its relieving operation; and, secondly, to provide for the restraint, with as little injustice as possible to the persons entitled to resort to it, of a particular form of legal process which has become a danger to social order in Ireland. Neither of these legislative undertakings is one to which a Conservative Government would willingly address itself. Each task is one in which practical expediency, or even practical necessity, conflicts with political principle. In essaying it, therefore, the natural and proper thing for Ministers to do was to make the details of their Bill as malleable as might be, and to avail themselves of all useful suggestions of amendment on these points, while studiously reserving to themselves on these points, while studiously reserving to themselves the function of detecting and firmly resisting any attempt at the slightest extension of the very questionable principles on which they were bound to act. This division of labour the which they were bound to act. Government have adhered to throughout, and its maintenance is plainly traceable alike in the concessions which they have made and those which they have refused. Then, on the one hand, they have resisted all proposals to re-open the settlement of 1881 in the matter of rents; they have declined to enlarge the class of leaseholders to be relieved, by going beyond the sixty years' limit which Mr. GLADSTONE fixed in dealing with the future of these tenants by the Act

of 1881, and thus they have very properly rejected the idea of depriving landlords of their right of resort to ordinary legal processes for the recovery of rent, while suspending their special privilege of eviction. On the other hand, they have in such matters as those of the purchase clauses placed themselves entirely and very wisely in the hands of the House.

At the same time Lord Salisbury's vigorous plain speaking about the necessity which has produced the Bill, and of the responsibilities therefor, is to be warmly welcomed. No person on earth will make the Bill, or any Bill which does not put are end to the dual ownership established by Mr. Gladstone in 1881, other than unsatisfactory. The Government have succeeded to a heritage of agrarian confusion in Ireland which can only be reduced to order by the one method of sweeping away the incurably vicious system which has given rise to it. All they can do in the interim is to deal in the piecemeal, hand-to-mouth fashion of their present Land Bill with some of the more glaring and urgent mischiefs of the situation, and in the meanwhile to oppose a steady resistance to the insincere attempts of the Gladstonians to develop further the foolish and pernicious legislation of which they are the offspring. We say insincere, because we must assume that even a politician of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's calibre can see that to take the course which he proposes in his notified amendment, and to go in for another State raid upon rents, would be a step as mischievous as immoral. The Gladstonians only propose it in order that they may make political capital as Irish agitators out of the refusal of it. The advantage, however, such as it is, they must be allowed to appropriate, the Government contenting themselves with taking care that the lesson of this unashamed demand, made within six years of a "final settlement" of one of those many questions which Mr. Gladstone only touches to entangle, should not be lost on the English public.

#### MR. GOSCHEN REPLIES AT LENGTH.

M. R. GOSCHEN'S speech in the St. James's Hall on Wednesday night may be fairly described as an extended copy, with developments, of his very prompt retort to Mr. Morley in the House of Commons on Monday. He explained to his constituents what amount of credit is due to the front Opposition bench for "the wise counsels" it gave the Irish members, then he repeated the charge of obstruction, with proofs, and then he proceeded to show what is the business and what are the measures which that obstruction has kept out of Parliament for this Session. Mr. Morley and other speakers on his side must make haste to profit by the polite acknowledgment of their antagonists that on one occasion during the Session they acted on the rules of conduct once universally observed by English politicians with any pretence to character, if they are to have any chance of making capital out of it, before Mr. Goschen has shown exactly what it meant. The Chancellon of the Exchequer has by this time established so good a reputation as a hard hitter that it is superfluous to say that his case was properly stated. He has long ago answered for himself the question he put to his constituents, and has decided that there is no occasion for being mealy-mouthed. With his usual combination of strength with perfect sobriety of language, he showed to what purpose the "conspicuous "eloquence" of the Irish members had been devoted in the House, and what tacit, or even avowed, encouragement that purpose had met with from the bulk of the Liberal members. The facts of the case are sufficiently notorious, and nobody who follows the proceedings of the House of Commons is ignorant of them; but then those who watch the proceedings in Parliament carefully are at least not a majority of the nation, and there is always need of a Mr. Goschen who can repeat the facts so that the voter can and must listen to him.

The sketch which Mr. Goschen gave of the legislation blocked by the obstruction of the Crimes Bill ought, if his example is even decently followed, to serve as an effectual answer to the charge of neglect of general interests which is to be the stock of the Separatist orator's declamation during the next few months. Even the Spalding majority would not find fault with the list of seven measures as meagre or unimportant. Of course, if that majority are of opinion that time to deal with these subjects ought to have been obtained by surrender to the Irish, the only answer to

IF ton to that part, a presubje motivather debar that woul

they

trove

he to

k-

of

n-

m

im

ng

Ve

ld

ns tal

of

fr.

ata he ve

on m-

of

he nt

ral

Ir.

is

them, as Mr. Goschen pointed out, is that, happily, they and the majority of Englishmen find themselves on opposite sides. It is a tenable position that some of the Government's seven Bills may interfere with things which Government's seven Bills may interfere with things which might be better let alone. But what is not defensible logically, and is not even very meritorious as a piece of electioneering oratory, is the charge that a Ministry which is prepared to deal with all sorts of subjects, from railway rates to local government, is neglecting the affairs of the nation. It cannot be denied that the Cabinet has prepared to begin work. Its Bills are not mere pious wishes. They are drafted, and some of them are already through the House of Lords. They are knocking at the door of the House of Commons, as Mr. Goschen says, but cannot be heard because of the noise made inside by the Irishmen and Sir William Harcourt in his jubilation over the Spalding election. The workmen of the towns can judge whether Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in his jubilation over the Spating election. The workmen of the towns can judge whether the Ministry which is prepared to deal with employers' liability, or the Opposition which stops the way, is most truly their friend. All that is needed to at least give them the chance of deciding is that the facts should be put before them. Mr. Goschen has done his part in the good work. His advice to his colleagues is as admirable as his argument to his constituents. As politics have been managed in this country for some years, and, though not to the same extent, by both parties, it is certainly not superfluous to insist on the folly of veering round under the influence of every chance expression of public opinion. It has been too much the custom to take note of the fact that somebody wants something, and then to inquire how he is to get it, without something, and then to inquire how he is to get it, without regard to whether the thing wanted is or is not consistent with the principles of the party. Mr. Goschen's protest against the policy of trying to please everybody, or, what is even more foolish, of trying to please your enemy by the practical surrender of your friends, is well enforced by the experience of past years. Even as a matter of business, it is wiser to have a definite policy, and to stick to it courageously. The Unionists may rely on the steady opposition of the Separatists, and nothing they can do will propitiate that enmity. Mr. Goschen, who seemed resolved propitiate that enmity. Mr. Goschen, who seemed resolved that his constituents should have the whole field of government well mapped out before them, did not neglect the public offices. Mere abuse of official red-tape dishonesty and inefficiency was, of course, not to be expected from him; but the departments must feel, after reading his speech, that he is at least as likely to interfere with some cherished habits of theirs as louder critics. His doctrine is that it is better to have a smaller number of men working seven hours a day than a larger number working for six. Now this, in a quiet way, is a quite sufficient condemnation of the manner in which work is done in the public offices. What Mr. Goschen really said was, when it comes to be explained, that the public offices do a great many unnecessary things, and that they take weeks to do necessary things where days would be enough. In other words, they are, through pedantry, wasteful and inefficient. They must be astonishingly hopeful if they do not understand that this tone is more ominous of tighter discipline and longer hours than the louder threats at Wolverhampton.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. BALFOUR.

If it has been thought necessary by the Opposition, with If it has been thought necessary by the Opposition, with the consent of the Government, to prolong the debate on the third reading of the Crimes Bill for two nights, that is the affair of the House of Commons. For our own part, we certainly do not propose to admit that necessity by a proportionate extension of our own comments on the subject. In a less degenerate age of Parliamentarism the motion for the third reading of a Bill which has been talked threadless would have been put and agreed the richest of the subject. motion for the third reading of a Bill which has been talked threadbare would have been put and agreed to without any debate at all. Even in these days it might have been thought that Mr. Gladstonk's speech and Mr. Balfouk's reply would have been regarded as constituting a sufficient discussion. They, at any rate, comprise all that appears to us to call for any observations whatever, and we assume that they may be treated without injustice to either side as containing the assence of this long-sines-exhausted con-

question, and suppose the real existence of an entirely new and imaginary set of facts for Mr. GLADSTONE to deal with, he has seldom been in finer argumentative form. What he said about the comparative statistics of English and Irish indictable offences would have been most telling if it had had anything to do with the question. His denunciation of the Crimes Bill for its novel. and unprecedented character would have been absolutely destructive if it were not that Mr. Gladstone's own legisdestructive if it were not that Mr. GLADSTONE'S own legis-lation yields exact precedents for most of its provisions, and complete analogies for the remainder. Nor could anything have been more impressive than his noble vindication of the right of the Irish people to combine and associate, if it had only been possible for his hearers to forget that the purpose for which they are combining and associating was stigmatized as illegal, and branded as immoral, a few years

ago by the same eloquent tongue.

All these unfortunate "ifs" and "buts" made Mr. Balfour's reply a comparatively easy one. Ho had simply, as it were, to fill in the suppressed qualifying clauses, introduced by these inconvenient little conjunctions; and Mr. GLADSTONE was answered in detail. His main contention, however, might have been disposed of en bloc if the Chief Secretary or any subsequent speaker had cared to examine the flagrant contradictions on which it rests. Or, perhaps, it is that the House has become so accustomed to this later peculiarity in Mr. Gladstone's reasoning that it is not now thought worth noticing. reasoning that it is not now thought worth noticing. Nobody, at any rate, seems to have remarked on the fact that the first half of Mr. Gladstone's speech was based upon an assumption which was not only denied, but passionately controverted, in the rhetoric of its close. Starting with the proposition that the present state of Ireland is not such as to justify the introduction of even an "ordinary" Crimes Bill, he went on to contend that the present is a few reserving of his Home Bulk Bill had hought about a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought about a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought a bout a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought a bout a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought a bout a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought a bout a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought a bout a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought a bout a second or the rejection of his Home Bulk Bill had hought a bout a second or the rejection of his hought a second or his hought an "ordinary" Crimes Bill, he went on to contend that the rejection of his Home Rule Bill had brought about, as it was bound to bring about, a situation with which nothing but an extraordinary Crimes Bill could effectually deal. Ireland, in effect says Mr. GLADSTONE, does not need to be "coerced" even after the comparatively mild and constitutional fashion of former times; and the proof thereof is this, that "we predicted at the time" when the Irish Government Bill of last year was in"troduced that there was no alternative but coercion— "when the Irish Government Bill of last year was in"troduced that there was no alternative but coercion—
"nay, no alternative but a new and sterner form of
"coercion." Either the prediction has been fulfilled or it
has not. If it has, it proves that the state of Ireland, so
far from not requiring even an "ordinary" Crimes Bill,
imperatively calls for an extraordinary one. If the prediction has not been fulfilled, then there is an end of the diction has not been fulfilled, then there is an end of the argument, such as it is, that the Home Rule policy is the only one which can in the long run be reconciled to the "great and noble political genius of England." The first hypothesis makes nonsense of all the first half of Mr. Gladstone's speech of last Thursday; the second hypothesis makes nonsense of the remainder. We are comparatively at ease in our own minds as to the effect of his argument in our own minds as to the effect of his argument in the remainder. either case. He may adopt whichever of the two hypotheses he prefers; but we respectfully submit that he cannot, as he appears disposed to do, claim the privilege of rejecting them both.

#### THE BULGARIAN NOMINATION.

THE news that Prince FERDINAND of Saxe-Coburg has been unanimously selected by the Bulgarian Sobranje for the vacant throne is, in itself, of less importance than some of its accompanying details. Offers, or contemplated offers, of the Bulgarian throne have occurred so frequently as to have lost much of the meaning which they might once have had. The significance of the present one lies in the fact that it is made to a Prince who has already once rejected it and that it is jected it, and that it is accompanied by a definite statement, on good prima facie authority, that it will on this occasion be accepted subject to the ratification of the Powers. It may not unreasonably be argued that the statement derives additional colour from the previous fact. It seems, at any rate, somewhat unlikely that a rejected offer would be renewed unless it had been ascertained in the meantime that containing the essence of this long-since-exhausted controversy. We imagine, at all events, that the Gladstonians themselves will raise no objection to this; for, to judge from the vociferous cheers which followed him throughout, they were well satisfied with their chief's performance. And certainly, if we may leave argument out of the

fi ii ii di ii I b Ii th gr

for which the burden

tur

all bur guid

peri no c Cot

emb The Eng to th

they is no

250 may one

Ever hope centr in an would gladi admin of the

new nomince goes to show that the choice is a good one, but that, of course, is one of the least important elements in the matter. So far as Europe at large is immediately con-cerned, there is only one sort of "best" candidate for the cerned, there is only one sort of "best" candidate for the Bulgarian throne; and that, like M. Theers's "best French "Government," is the candidate who divides us the least. The assent of most of the Powers, or at least of the independent and uninfluenced Powers, to the Prince's nomination may perhaps be assumed; but unfortunately the independent and uninfluenced Powers may be counted on the thumb and forefinger of one hand. They are, in fact, England and Italy. Of the others, Austria will assuredly act on the advice of Germany; and it is only too probable that Russia has got France's proxy in her pocket. that Russia has got France's proxy in her pocket.

#### POSITIVISM IN INDIA.

SIR HENRY MAINE has recently had occasion to point out that it is impossible, on the most liberal assumption, to reckon the proportion of persons in India who are sufficiently educated to take an interest or part in politics to the rest of the popula-tion at more than I in 10,000; and that, if the test of a University degree be applied, the proportion would sink as low as I in 50,000. The obvious inference from this fact is that the attempt to render the country, in any true sense of the word, "self-governing" must either confide the control of public affairs to a huge congeries of many millions of ignorant men, or, if politics are to be the special privilege of the instructed classes, to a minority so minute as to be practically inappreciable. Self-government in India, accordingly, can only mean an oligarchy of the narrowest possible order or mere mob rule. But the existence of this tiny germ of knowledge in so huge a mass of ignorance is, apart from its immediate
political bearings, an extremely impressive circumstance. The
present and the past are confronted with each other with a pointblank abruptness for which the course of civilization does not often present an opportunity. On the one hand there is, to use Sir Henry Maine's phrase, "the present, as represented in the educated classes of the West, with its humanity and sensitiveness; with its abundant faith in theories and generalizations; with its with its abundant faith in theories and generalizations; with its somewhat contemptuous view of religious sanctions, except so far as they maintain some favourite institution; with its pessimistic view of that which exists at the moment, and its optimistic view of that which may exist some day." On the other hand, there are the silent millions who have no relations to the present, as modern Europe regards it; who are but "an energetic expression of the past," a chaos of survivals, circumscribed, as regards exteriors, by the British rule, but rendered more tenacious of life than elsewhere by an intense conviction of supernatural origin and of the past," "a chaos of survivals, circumscribed, as regards exteriors, by the British rule, but rendered more tenacious of life than elsewhere by an intense conviction of supernatural origin and divine ordination. Many thoughtful observers have busied or amused themselves with speculations as to what must be the young educated Bengalee's state of mind. He is sensitive, emotional, impressionable. He is extremely rhetorical, and profoundly moved by rhetoric. His facile intellectual temperament lends itself with pleased alacrity to a new régime, a strange dogma, a striking phrase. The schemes of the visionary philanthropist glow to him with a rosy hue of unquestioned reality. Political projects rise up before his delighted imagination in symmetrical completeness with no fereboding as to the possibility of execution. Grievances, picturesquely stated, sting him to the quick too sharply to allow him to consider how far they actually grieve him or any one else. Patriotism he can be scarcely said to have, for the simple reason that he has never had a country; but its place is occupied by vague conceptions of an ideal India, welded together by British administrators, and protected from the rude assaults of the outer world by British arms, but ruled and inspired by the gentle influences of a Bengal Educational Department. His English instructors give him every possible assistance. They supply him with physical information which shatters all his religious beliefs into a thousand atoms, and shows the customs of his forefathers in the light of practices which are none the less silly for being sacred, venerable and precious to the female members of his family. His style is formed by the elaborate study of the tracts in which Milton defended the imperilled liberties of his generation, and of the gorgeous diatribes with which Burke fulminated at the crimes and cruelties of the English rulers of India. His political inquisitiveness is inflamed by the battles of English parties, explained for his express editication by a loca whose mission it is to show how contemporary history exemplifies the blessings of self-government and the future happiness of India if only the young Bengalee could rule it as he pleased. Lastly, that no element of confusion may be wanting, the din of conflicting churches rises loud and fierce around him. Priests, pundits, and missionaries do battle for his soul. Each denounces the ineptitude of all the rest; each, in his turn, is exposed and derided by a later guide to eternal truth. Altogether, the young educated Hindu thinks his age, no doubt, a remarkable one, and may well be pardoned if he is occasionally the victim of moral paralysis or intellectual vertigo. He is an unexplored and very curious product of modern civilization. He is well worth exploring; only fools and dullards see in his peculiarities a topic of derision; nly fools and dullards see in his peculiarities a topic of derision; e appeals to our sympathy, for we have helped to make him

what he is, and his doubts and perplexities are but another phase

what he is, and his doubts and perplexities are but another phase of our cwn.

Among the various ministrants to the spiritual wants of educated Hinduism is a gentleman whose function appears to be that of expounding, in the East, the views of that section of English Positivists which follows the lead of Mr. Congreve, and of giving those views a practical application to the local questions of the day in India. Mr. H. Cotton, on "I Moses 99," in other words, on the 1st January, 1887, delivered the sixth of a series of addresses which form part of the annual celebration of the "Festival of Humanity." Mr. Cotton is a Civil officer in the service of the Indian Government, and is best known in India as the author of a work entitled New India, in which he advocates, in their extremest form, the revolutionary doctrines of the Young Bengal school. Those doctrines may not unfairly be described as based on the assumption that the intrusion of English rulers into Indian administration is a moral wrong, a political misfortune, and a practical grievance which increased enlightenment and a stricter sense of justice are in course of mitigating, and, ultimately, bringing to a close; and that the way in which the advent of this happy era can be most effectually hastened is by entrusting the educated inhabitants of Bengal with rights of self-government and with institutions in other respects as nearly as possible analogous to those which are enjoyed in their own country has Desidence. mately, bringing to a close; and that the way in which the advent of this happy era can be most effectually hastened is by entrusting the educated inhabitants of Bengal with rights of self-government and with institutions in other respects as nearly as possible analogous to those which are enjoyed in their own country by Englishmen. This exposition of his political creed has, we understand, proved so acceptable to the classes whom Mr. Cotton addresses that cheap editions of the work have been called for, and it has been translated into the vernacular for the benefit of the less educated section of political students. As a religious propagandist Mr. Cotton has not, so far as the figures which he produces may be held to justify an inference, been equally successful. "The apostolic efforts of Dr. Congreve and others have not," he informed his Calcutta audience, "been in vain." They have not, at any rate, made a very appreciable impression on the 300 millions of the human race who inhabit British India. "There are now," says Mr. Congreve's representative in partibus, "fourteen Oriental subscribers, and three Occidental. I collect the subscriptions for transmission to Dr. Congreve, but I exercise no interference with the spontaneity of your action. It is more needful in my case than in any other that the subscriptions should be absolutely voluntary. . . . It seems only needed that I should add under this head that subscription to the subside does not necessarily imply complete adhesion. I am aware that some whose subscriptions I receive do not count themselves as Positivists. But they subscribe, and I am glad to receive their subscriptions in token of sympathy, good-will, and desire to assist the furtherance of the cause."

What, then, is "the cause" which the fourteen sympathetic

What, then, is "the cause" which the fourteen sympathetic Oriental subscribers to the "subside" are anxious to further, What, then, is "the cause" which the fourteen sympathetic Oriental subscribers to the "subside" are anxious to further, and which Mr. Cotton holds the mandate of his apostolic Superior to urge upon the acceptance of the inhabitants of British India? Of its religious aspect we have no intention of speaking. To the ordinary understanding there is, and always must be, something half ludicrous, half revolting, in the parody of Christian services which M. Comte has provided for the ceremonial of his Church, and of which the one cardinal characteristic and leading idea is the substitution of the word Humanity for the name of God. It is in vain to conjecture what must be the intellectual condition of the youthful convert from Brahmanism who finds himself emancipated from his original beliefs and addressing "Holy and Glorious Humanity," "Thou Power Supreme, who has hitherto greeted thy children under other names, but in this generation has come to thy own in thy own proper person, revealed for all ages to come by thy servant, Auguste Comte," and who supplements his invocation by "readings" from the Imitation of Christ, selections from Comte's General View of Positivism, and addresses from Mr. Cotton. Nor should we have considered Mr. Cotton's address an expedient topic for observation were it not that, under the pretence of religious or moral edification, it abounds throughout with the most dangerous material of political incendiarism. The theological aspect of the dissertation we leave aside. We will not pronounce whether it is decent or right that a member of the Civil Service, who owes his position, his influence, his very existence in the country to his employment by the Crown. should be allowed to inform the young Baboos of sertation we leave aside. We will not pronounce whether it is decent or right that a member of the Civil Service, who owes his position, his influence, his very existence in the country to his employment by the Crown, should be allowed to inform the young Baboos of Calcutta that their position differs from that of "Western Positivists" in the circumstance that the latter have emerged from "the smouldering embers of Christianity," a creed which they have rejected because "it no longer satisfies their intellect or their heart"; whereas with the Hindu "his religion is a reality, it is still instinct with life, it is more than a religion. It is the basis of moral order among you." We should have thought that the heads of the Civil Service might with reason decline to allow its officers to become the instruments of so indecent a propagandism; this, however, is to some extent a question of taste. But we protest against the right of civilians to expound the history of current English politics in the sense of encouraging revolution in India. The Positivists, Mr. Cotton informed his audience, have always been Home Rulers. Mr. Gladstone's scheme, "though not sufficiently final in character, is a true ferment which is leavening the whole lump." The danger is that the Irish peasantry, "driven to desperation by delay and their own distressed circumstances," may resort to violence, and so delay "the accomplishment of their legitimate aspirations." And then comes the moral. "The Indian and the Irish questions are inseparable.

 $\mathbf{B}_{\mathbf{A}}$ dates a ness, a réclam Coven any ra nostrui efficacy it usu clearly wonder to the the me tin case kigollo to the which, i

It is impossible not to perceive the parallel which runs throughout all the arguments of Messrs. Parnell and Sexton and those which find utterance in this country in the pamphlets of Mr. Hume and in the Indian press." In both countries the hour of deliverance is approaching, is inevitable. In both the longer the solution is delayed the more difficult will it be. "But in Ireland the question is riper than in India. India can therefore afford to wait on Ireland"—"a period of enforced quiet at present does not seem to be an evil"—"t can be employed "to mature opinions and plans." In the meantime the Indian advocates of revolution may console themselves with the conviction that "the people of England are growing aware that India must be approached through Ireland."

After this parade of folly, it is hardly surprising to find, a little further on, a vehement denunciation of the English Government which "preaches a doctrine of coercion for Ireland and employs

further on, a vehement denunciation of the English Government which "preaches a doctrine of coercion for Ireland and employs thirty thousand troops in completing the annexation of Burmah," and "whose occupation of Gibraltar, Cyprus, Egypt, and the vast continent of India itself is a standing menace to the independence of other nationalities." "Of the deplorable situation of affairs in Burmah," says this loyal servant of the Crown, "I have no heart to speak. Our anticipations have been fulfilled. The country is in the hands of the military. King Thebaw (a monarch, by the way, whose character appears to have been grossly maligned) may have made the yoke of his subjects heavy; but we have added to their yoke. King Thebaw may have chastised them with whips, but we have chastised them with scorpions. Our soldiers are their yoke. King Thebaw may have chastised them with whips, but we have chastised them with scorpions. Our soldiers are decimating the Burmese by fire and sword," &c. The speaker turns away from the sickening spectacle, and finds comfort in "the continually increasing tendency, which even the blindest must now admit, towards the nationalization of the Indian races"—a tendency which was evidenced, he says, by a national Congress, in which, strange and sad to say, the Mahommedans of Bengal altogether refused to participate. Another cheering topic is the increased fervour of the popular protest against the "Simla exodus" of our rulers to "Capuan retreats," where it appears "they lose all touch of the people," become more ignorant of Indian questions than if they were living in South Kensington, and "form a little bureaucratic club amongst themselves" where "narrow Anglo-Indian prejudices" are fostered and "self-interest becomes their guiding star."

Indian prejudices "are fostered and "self-interest becomes their guiding star."

If the English lose India—such was the opinion of that experienced and sagacious observer Baron Hubner—they will have no one to thank but themselves. Utterances such as those of Mr. Cotton, show the sort of follies to which the Baron referred as embarrassing the Administration and even imperilling its stability. The question how best to deal with them is a difficult one. The The question how best to deal with them is a difficult one. The Englishman's instinct is to leave fools to their own folly and trust to the general sanity of mankind to obviate the mischief which they long to bring about. But this manly doctrine of indifference is not of universal application; and in an Empire which contains 250 millions of ignorant, prejudiced and easily excited persons, it may be questioned how far it is wise for the Government to allow one of the handful of Europeans who control the Administration to preach a real-size that the statement of one of the handful of Europeans who control the Administration to preach revolution to that educated class of natives who naturally look to Europeans for guidance, information and inspiration.

Every educated Englishman knows Mr. Cotton's inferences, hopes and fears to be as absurd as his facts are untrue and his accuhopes and fears to be as absurd as his facts are untrue and his accusations unjust. But we are confronted with vast forces, which when their equilibrium is once disturbed, will become wholly uncentrollable, and may easily destroy English rule and civilization in an "ugly rush." In the presence of such colossal dangers it would seem expedient to run no unnecessary risk and to neglect no reasonable precaution; and the doctrine of "suffering fools gladly" ought certainly not to be extended to allowing European officials to lose sight of their prosaic function as maintainers of an administrative order in the dangerous delights of political incendiarism, theological escapades, and irresponsible denunciation of the Government by which they are employed.

#### OUR OWN PARTY.

BY the time these words are read the proprietors of a new but already celebrated political medicine—a blessing to candialready celebrated political medicine—a blessing to candidates and warranted to accomplish its purpose with speed, gentleness, and certainty—may have another testimonial to add to their
réclame. The Feuille-Trevelyan may have achieved yet another
success at North Paddington, and may be working wonders at
Coventry. A "Spalding Correspondent" and a "Scotch Correspondent" possess each a valued specimen of recent date. At
any rate, it is quite clear that it is the fashionable electoral
nostrum of the hour; and the wise man never debates the
efficacy of nostrums with the believers in them. But (though
it usually annoys the proprietors of the said nostrums) it is
clearly within the province of the wise man to analyse these
wonder-working panaceas, and to apply the resources of science clearly within the province of the wise man to analyse these wonder-working panaceas, and to apply the resources of science to the discovery and criticism of their component parts. We do not mean on this occasion to discuss the whole subject of the medicine, which will doubtless soon be made up in neat tin cases like the less debatable documents of the beneficent M Kigollot. But there is one phrase of Sir George Trevelyan's letter to the people of Coventry which is of remarkable interest, and which, indeed, may be thought to contain the gist of all these

epistles. "With such irreconcilable opposition to our own party, no Liberal," says Sir George, "should have anything to do." Then, it is true, he goes off into much the same statement of matters, not of the political moment, or even of this political world, which is supposed to have had such an effect on the election at Spalding. The successful candidate at Spalding, by the way, rather unkindly, but in delightful language, seems himself to attribute that success rather to the thirst of the Spalding labourers for "an opportunity of garnering to themselves in a spirit which is anti-communistic the fruits of their own labour." Mr. Halley Stuart is a worthy recruit to the Gladstonian party in his use of language; but we are not sure whether this means that his constituents have returned him in the hope of getting land rent free, though it seems to do so. However, this is a diland rent free, though it seems to do so. However, this is a di-gression. Return we to Sir George Trevelyan and "our own

"-or rather his.

The composition of political medicines in large quantities induces, it would seem, a certain engaging frankness, which is not always the case in the other or non-political side of the business. It has, indeed, long been evident that the influence which first made Sir George waver in his once loudly-professed Unionism, and then plunge headlong into the Gladstonian gutter, with its inand then plunge headlong into the Gladstonian gutter, with its inevitable bottom or bottomlessness of Separation, lay in this magic word "party." But for some time he disguised or tried to disguise the fact. Here it is to be observed the disguise is thrown off almost entirely. The charge against Liberals as opposed to Gladstonians is simply and plumply put—"they follow not us"; they oppose "our own party." Never mind what our party is doing; never mind what it has done; never mind what it is going to do. Decline altogether to put Mr. Leland's famous, and here most inconvenient, inquiry, although there is by no means the same difficulty in answering it as was experienced by the excited poet who sat under the finite branches, and by the excited poet who sat under the finite branches, and saw the infinite blue. That party, Sir George holds, is just where Mr. Gladstone is and nowhere else, and inquiries as to its locality are blasphemous and blackguard. As the fabled Russian colonel names the trumps, so is Mr. Gladstone to to its locality are blasphemous and blackguard. As the fabled Russian colonel names the trumps, so is Mr. Gladstone to name the party principles for the time being, and everybody who does not accept those principles is fighting against "our own party," and guilty of the most horrible breaches of rules of the game. "It is now the turn," Sir George says in the other packet of medicine, the packet which the boy has orders to deliver at Coventry, "for the Liberal Unionists to meet their friends half-way." Half what way? says some recalcitrant patient; but there is again no answer. The wicked man who asks it can, of course, be disposed of at once by the conclusive remark that he is "opposing our own party," if he suggests that persons who have gone the whole way from Hawarden to Dublin can scarcely be described as having gone half-way from Hawarden to Westminster. "Our own party" stops all mouths and solves all difficulties. It is the soul of Mrs. Trevelyan's patent soothing syrup.

difficulties. It is the soul of ansatz and the general syrup.

We have, however, often enough pointed out the general political inconveniences to any one who has some slight care for reason and consistency of the "our own party" point of view; we are anxious at present to be a little more particular. For instance—Is it not a rather curious thing that Sir George Trevelyan, after all that has passed, should take upon himself to give advice to Liberal Unionists as to what they should or should not do? Quid illi cum Unionists? He has left that firm for a considerable time, and his present habit of behaving as if he had not left it resembles unpleasantly the conduct of those thrifty persons who, when they leave humbler situations, keep a supply of the office paper, or sometimes even a supply of the office of the office paper, or sometimes even a supply of the office cheques, to be useful in writing to old customers. Far be it from us to say that Sir George is not a "Liberal." There have been doubts about the connotation of that term ever since the text about the "vile person" being no longer called by it was written, and as far as we can judge from the strenuous assertions of the about the "vile person" being no longer called by it was written, and as far as we can judge from the strenuous assertions of the two sections of the party at present, nobody has any right to it at all. It is, at the very best, in abeyance between them. But as to "Unionist" we can make a stand. Sir George Trevelyan himself a very short time ago gave his own measure of that term by declaring that everything must give way to the maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. We now know that in his opinion a dozen things—Welsh Disestablishment, Sir William Harcourt's egregious London Bill, or something more egregious, the general maintenance of "our own party," and so forth—must have precedence of the maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Therefore, on his own showing, Sir George is not a Unionist, and had much better drop the title. The obtaining of votes under false pretences of this particular kind has not perhaps been considered and forbidden by any Corrupt Practices Act; but it is rather an ugly thing, nevertheless, and a thing to which, but for the scales imposed upon his eyes by devotion to "our own party," Sir George would, we should think, be one of the last men to condescend.

Then, too, there is Mr. Morley, as honourable a man as Sir George Trevelyan, but a Gladstonian (in the present sense of that word) of older standing, and therefore "further gone" in more senses than one. Sir George, looking steadfastly on "our own party," has perhaps convinced himself, as men often do, that he is the Liberal Unionist party, just as Mr. Gladstone is the Liberal party, and that he may speak for it, having duly banished curs like Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain and the seventy or eighty members and the seven or eight hundred thousand voters.

Gin the dint the Good Andrews

S

app for who vari the

forn is an mig an i port or t two-

Ceas stand it w loud their please

attrac crowe did n

every tingui attrac India

least, and all east when mind win, spoll, appear chrysa mornir happy dull s blaze

glories

protect was accleast or be seen umbrel

or so who bave banished him. But Mr. Morley is in no such position, and when Mr. Morley fulfils his threat of quoting Mr. Smith's words about "wise counsel," he is doing a very awkward thing indeed. Mr. Morley is a man of letters—Did he ever (indeed, we think we have reminded him of it before on another occadeed, we think we have reminded him of it before on another occasion) hear of the young gentleman who "blamed and protested, but joined in the plan"? He gave wise counsels, did that youngster more sedate than the Harcourts and the Laboucheres of his school. He, too, was answered by the Conybeares and the Tanners of that seminary with derision and threats; and he, too, "joined in the plan"—the plan of Opposition Campaign. But it is not recorded that, after the publication of his proceedings, Tom went about saying "Mr. Cowper, the poet, acknowledges that I protested; he does," and, so far, we fear the morality of Mr. Thomas Anonymus was superior to the morality of Mr. Thomas Anonymus was not looking at "our own party"—indeed, he seems to have been a young man of great detachment from such vanities. In Mr. Morley's case the charms of "our own party" must be great indeed to blind him to the very odd character of his proceedings.

proceedings.

But this is not the only point on which "our own party" seems to have arrested Mr. Morley's pretty keen vision to the exclusion therefrom of all other objects. He says that his own position and that of his friends means no capitulation, no surrender to Irish members, but that "we are to pay the same attention to Irish members in such a matter as the government of their own country and the details of that government as we pay to Scotch members and the details of Scotch government." Now we know, of course, that Mr. Morley (if he chooses to take yet further lessons in Gladstonese) may say, "Oh! I was not speaking about the granting of Home Rule, but about the kind of Home Rule to be granted." But he knows perfectly well that nine-tenths of his hearers, that nine-teen-twentieths of his well that nine-tenths of his hearers, that nine-ten-twentieths of his readers, will not take him in that restricted, and to tell the truth, nearly meaningless sense; but will understand him to be saying that we are in the matter of Home Rule refusing to Ireland what we have granted to Scotland. And Mr. Morley himself will grant that a more enormous falsehood than the statement that we are refusing in re Home Rule to Ireland what we have granted to

that a more enormous falsehood than the statement that we are refusing in re Home Rule to Ireland what we have granted to Scotland never crossed the lips of political mendacity. Yet Mr. Morley, keeping his eye on "our own party" only, and forgetting everything else, has gone so close to the suggestion of this particular falsity that we dare say it would be a rare thing to find any one who read his speech and did not think that he had gone nearer than near, that he had gone into it. It is all very well for a man to say that he is not responsible if people will not read him carefully. But it is his business not to scatter ambiguous voices to catch votes, and the voice here scattered was almost more (or less) than ambiguous.

But that is the result of looking only at "our own party" and the blessed means to the blessed end of putting "our own party" back in Downing Street. When Mr. Gilbert is hard up for a new version of his favourite motif, perhaps he may think of showing us an honourable and conscientious politician compelled by his allegiance to "our own party" to utter tremendous taradiddles, and to condescend to the dirtiest tricks, conscious of what he does, and yet unable to help doing it. Yet he could hardly succeed; for nothing stranger even in his fiction could be shown than the hard facts of Mr. Morley's quotations and arguments, of Sir George Trevelyan's letters, and of the eulogies of those persons who quote Sir George, even after he has deserted to their own Separatist side, as a Unionist authority.

#### SCULPTURE IN 1887.

WE have already said that the show of sculpture at the Royal Academy this year is not very striking. It is not bad in quality, but the quantity is small, and the specimens are unambitious. The general character of the works here and at the quality, but the quantity is small, and the specimens are unambitious. The general character of the works here and at the Grosvenor Gallery, looked at from a technical point of view, is satisfactory, as showing that the new modelling is sustained by those who had already adopted it, and has pushed the old bad style still further into the background. But there is not one of the leading sculptors, except Mr. Ford, who is represented this year by an ideal work which is at once new to the public and very noticeable in character. The persistent neglect of sculpture by the English amateur, a neglect to which we have often drawn attention as disastrous in its results, is no doubt in some degree to blame for the apparent languor of the sculptors. On the other hand, sculpture notoriously has its off-years, and this is one of them. It suffices to add that Mr. Woolner is not represented, and that neither Mr. Thornycroft, Sir Frederick Leighton, nor Mr. Brock exhibits anything of an imaginative character.

The statue of the year is Mr. Onslow Ford's "Peace" (1944), which occupies the place of honour in the lecture-room. This figure, although called a "statuette" in the catalogue, is a life-sized figure of a girl about thirteen, entirely nude, trampling a cuirass under her feet, and waving in the air a broad and feathery palm-leaf. The time has passed when it was desirable in any way to nurse the reputation of Mr. Onslow Ford. He has completely won the respectful attention of the artistic world, and we may allow ourselves to speak of his work with more freedom than if he were still on his probation. Mr. Ford is now one of the four or quality, but th

five leading English sculptors of the day; in technical ability, in science as a modeller, he stands, in our opinion, second to none. But he has still much to learn, or rather to unlearn, in respect of style. This figure of his, very beautiful as we confess it to be in composition—especially from the right side—delicate in line, learnedly and elegantly posed, is yet wanting in the highest element of all such work—distinction. The feet and ankles of this "Peace" are so thick and clumsy as to be positively grotesque; and the face, beautifully executed, is just the stupid, vacant face of the professional sitter. Mr. Ford will doubtless tell us that he saw these characteristics in his model. That may be, but that does not prevent us from saying, "Let them be changed"; and, that Mr. Ford may not misinterpret our strictures as in any way impeaching his technical skill, we will add that there is nothing we advance against his "Peace" that we would not advance with equal, or greater, force against the famous "Diane" of M. Falguière. If the sculptors, in a false pursuit of realism, persist in refusing to select their types or inform their creation with imaginative nobility, we shall beg them to supply us with simple casts from the living model. The very business of art is to select and to illuminate; and while we welcome, and indeed demand, the closest first-hand study of nature from the sculptors, we beg them to remember that we shall soon grow tired of their mere selicit of had if they never appeal to the heart or to the we beg them to remember that we shall soon grow tired of their mere sleight of hand if they never appeal to the heart or to the

mere steight of hand it the round demands, or will attract, so much attention as Mr. Ford's statue. Mr. Armstead's "Ladas" (1946), a Spartan runner dying as he touches the goal, is learned, but not beautiful. In avoiding the Chantreyan smoothness, Mr. but not beautiful. In avoiding the Chantreyan smoothness, Mr. Armstead has proceeded to the other extreme, and has modelled his youth without a skin. It strikes us that this figure would be interesting as a bronze statuette, but has not sufficient beauty for a white statue of heroic size. We have already (when it was exhibited at the Grosvenor in plaster) praised Mr. Roscoe Mullins's little group of "Conquerors" (1818), two naked boys playing with walnut-shells. This charming work is at the present Royal Academy in bronze, its surface somewhat concealed by a not very successful bright green pating. Mr. Geogra boys playing with walnut-shells. This charming work is at the present Royal Academy in bronze, its surface somewhat concealed by a not very successful bright green patina. Mr. George Lawson's statue of "Summer" (1809), a young man extended in drowsy lassitude, has also been seen before; but, if our memory is not at fault, Mr. Lawson has considerably increased the value of this figure by heightening the finish before casting it in bronze. It is now a very pleasing work. Mr. T. Nelson MacLean exhibits a marble statue of "Tragedy" (1908); this composition is familiar to us in a small statuette of this sculptor. The long perpendicular lines are agreeable, but the larger figure has, we must confess, some air of poverty which was not present in the graceful smaller original. From the work of less-known men we may select for special mention Mr. H. C. Christie's "An Ancient Trick" (1782), a rather pretty group of a dog and a lady; Mr. Frederick Pomeroy's "Giotto" (1828), a somewhat affected but extremely clever statuette of a shepherd-boy scribbling on a stone; Mr. G. G. Frampton's odd figure of a garlanded boy, "The Songster" (1837), singing from a scroll of music which he holds down at full arm's length, a fantastic little work in the spirit of late Italian Renaissance; Mr. Edith Gwyn Jeffreys's "Dawn" (1847), a graceful girlish creature, framed in an arch of flying drapery, and trampling on miscellaneous cherubim; and, finally, Mr. Samuel M. Fox's bronze "Washed Ashore" (1861). At the Grosvenor Gallery Mr. Roscoe Mullins has a very pretty little marble group, "Morn, wak'd by the circling hours" (376), somewhat cramped, however, in design. Animal sculpture is little understood in England; but Mr. Boehm's massive "Bull and Herdsman" (1798) is a group which deserves respectful examination, though the theme appears to us more fitted for bronze than marble. Mr. Brock's equestrian statuette of "Sir Jervoise Jervoise" (1938) struggles rather unsuccessfully with the mysteries of the top-hat.

In iconic sculpture of the larg

Jervoise" (1938) struggles rather unsuccessfully with the mysteries of the top-hat.

In iconic sculpture of the larger kind Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's quarter-sized model of the memorial statue for Trafalgar Square easily takes the first place. This "General Gordon" (1903) stands erect, in undress uniform, with the left foot raised on a broken cannon, his Bible in the right hand, a cane under the left arm. The conception is singularly noble, and, though the figure stands so high upon its pedestal that we cannot very closely examine it, the face of Gordon appears to be admirable in its visionary expression. No one excels Mr. Armstead in the treatment of memorial effigies, and he has been particularly dignified in his recumbent statue of the late Bishop of Llandaff (1943), who lies with folded hands and open, dreaming eyes, as if already "gazing up 'mid the dim pillars high" of his cathedral. Mr. Roscoe Mullins's statuette of Dr. W. G. Grace (1896) will please all good cricketers. It offers what is perhaps the first example of the use of pads in sculpture. We must remark, however, that this little work is not quite so carefully executed as we expect it to be from the hand of Mr. Mullins. Mr. Birch's statuette of "Mr. Charles Wyndham as David Garrick" (1827) is particularly graceful and accomplished. There is merit in Mr. Pinker's life-sized statue of the late Mr. Fawcett (1812), destined for the market-place of Salisbury. There is no merit, but a great deal of the reverse, in Mr. Williamson's amazing statue of "Sister Dora" (1784).

The bust of the year is Mr. Boehm's Sir Henry Acland (1839), a marble of incomparable spirit and vigour, and in the artist's best manner. At the Grosvenor, Mr. Harry Bates exhibits two bronze heads, a boy (382) and a girl (383), the latter somewhat

meaninglessly called "Rhodope." Each of these is an excellent performance. The Grosvenor is rich in fine bronze busts—Mr. Ford's Chief Secretary (409), Mr. Browning's head of his father (394), Mr. Mullins's of Selwyn Image, Eqq. (377); and Mr. Boehm's ends thither a fine marble head of List (368). The inequality of Mr. Boehm's work is astonishing, and the Grosvenor presents us with some lamentable specimens bearing his signature. At the Royal Academy the Central Hall contains two marble busts of English ladies (1788, 1789) by the eminent French sculptor M. Antonin-Cartes, admirable alike in science and in distinction. Excellent busts in the Lecture-Room are those by Mr. Onslow Ford (1850), Mr. Brock's Professor Marshall (1901), and a rugged head by Mr. Gilbert (1904).

We have still to speak of the works in rilievo. Mr. Alfred Gilbert sends to the Hoyal Academy a very interesting and Dürerlike sketch, as he calls it, though it seems highly finished, for the panel of a bronze gate (1819). "Atra Cura" sits behind the horseman, clasping him with her arms, while a nude Fortune dances on before his steed. This composition is full of fancy and invention. Mr. Harry Bates is not quite so successful as usual this year with his three panels from "The Story of Psyche" (1854-56); the central one is very graceful, but reminds us too much of Flaxman. Sir Frederick Leighton's design for the Jubilee Medallion (1829) has some of his happy qualities, but is weak, and even ludicrous, in parts. At the Grosvenor Gallery we must not overlook Mr. Thornycroft's delicate group of "Choristers" (389), which figures in marble, in St. Paul's, as the Goes Memorial, or Mr. Tinworth's ingenious terra-cotta panel of scenes from Exodus (406). A small medallion portrait of Sir Arthur Clay (411), by Mr. Onslow Ford, may easily escape notice, but deserves very high commendation.

#### THE MAY TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

COME years ago, on the occasion of Sir Robert Rede's annual lecture, a distinguished man of science chose for his subject "The Dissipation of Energy." A wag suggested that a more appropriate title would have been "The Energy of Dissipation," for nothing else seemed to be thought of at Cambridge during the whole of the merry month of May. At that now distant period various efforts used to be made from time to time to diminish the amount of amusement, and we believe that an energetic Vice-Chancellor once went so far as to forbid a certain dramatic performance. But men of that temper were rare; and, as the office is an annual one, a Cato could not always be found to fill it. Nor, it was felt, could the amusements be wholly suppressed. But they might, it was thought, be confined within reasonable limits. So an increnious device was hit upon. It was arranged that the imformance. But men of that temper were rare; and, as the office is an annual one, a Cato could not always be found to fill it. Nor, it was felt, could the amusements be wholly suppressed. But they might, it was thought, be confined within reasonable limits. So an ingenious device was hit upon. It was arranged that the important Tripos examinations should commence at the end of May or the beginning of June. This ensured hard work for at least two-thirds of the term; and while the examiners were looking over the papers, and preparing the class-lists, it mattered little what the rest of the community might be doing. The result was evident. When authorities proclaim a revel, it would be disloyal not to celebrate it. "Sobriety, cease to be sober; Cease, labour, to dig and to delve," becomes, under such circumstances, the universal motto, and the tide of amusement, unchecked and uncheckable, rolls over the University. This year it was expected that the all-pervading Jubilee would keep visitors at home, and the townspeople began to grumble as loud as distressed agriculturists in anticipation of the loss of their annual barvest. But their groams soon ceased. The pleasure of seeing young Hopeful kneel down before the Vice-Chancellor, and rise up a Bachelor of Arts, proved a more potent attraction than the obligations of the Jubilee, and no greater crowd has ever been known to invade the University. Besides, did not the Council of the Senate, with that wise solicitude for everybody and everything that distinguishes, or ought to distinguish, the government of a nursing mother, provide a special attraction for the sightseer? Who could resist staring at five Indian Princes, one Indian Princess, and last, but by no means least, a real live Lord Mayor, in all the glories of his full state, coach and all? The weather began it. Three months of grey sky and east wind were suddenly succeeded by radiant sunshine; and, when Sol once got his innings, he had evidently made up his mind that his score should be a long one. He went in to

ly in

18,

lly

id. ere

9), it's

would hardly have satisfied a Proctor. But Proctors, wen in the Senate House, can sometimes be good-naturedly show-sighted, and we have not heard that the finances of the University have

and we have not heard that the finances of the University have been increased by an unusual amount of fines.

Nowadays we do everything by system, even May Term gaisties, and a weekly publication entitled The Cambridge Review: a Journal of University Life and Thought is so obliging as to descend from the lofty heights of culture which are its usual home, and to publish a calendar of "May Term Arrangements."

Let us take a single day at random, and see what has been provided for the amusement of the intelligent stranger. For Tuesday, June 14, the following attractions are set down:—

une 14, the following attractions are set down:—

Class List published of Mathematical Tripos, Part II.

King's: Bridge in G; Anthem, "Wash me throughly" (S. S. Wesley).

Trinity: Nunc dimittis (Weekes). Hymn 200.

Organ Recital in Trin. Coll. Chapel at 3 P.M. by Mr. Cobb. For members

f the University and their friends only.

Boat-races concluded, First and Second Divisions.

Gonville and Caius College Musical Society's Concert.

Queens' College Musical Society's Concert.

St. Peter's College Ball.

Trinity Hall Ball in the Guildhall.

Pastoral Play, As You Like II, in the Fellows' Garden, King's College,

ta 30.

at 2.30.
C.U. Swimming Club Races at 11 A.M.
A.D.C. performance, Our Boys, at A.D.C. Theatre, Park Street.
"The Footlights" Dramatic Club at the Theatre Royal—Tom Cobb and
The Blind Beggars.

That, we submit, is something like a programme for one day, and that by no means an exceptional one. Not a minute is left unoccupied, and every taste, it will be observed, has been consulted. We are reminded at the outset of what we might otherwise have forgotten—namely, that the University is a place of study. Next, as is right and proper, our devotions are directed. For the remaining hours, those who care for athletics can see swimming-races and boat-races; musicians can go first to an organ recital, and then choose between rival college concerts; the dramatic public have a pastoral play (and a very good one it was) in the afternoon, and two amateur performances in the evening; while the night is provided for by two balls. No wonder that, after such exertions, repeated day after day for a week, the visitors looked a little pale and exhausted as they drove sadly to the railwaya little pale and exhausted as they drove sadly to the railway-station when it was all over.

station when it was all over.

Let us not, however, suggest the conclusion that the May term has been wholly spent in preparing for the outburst of jollity with which it ended. Progress has been made with several serious questions, though we must admit that the evidences of it are hardly visible to the naked eye. The statutes which now govern the University have carefully provided that the academic body should not move too fast; and every proposal involving expenditure is now considered by the Council, the General Board of Studies, and the Financial Board, before it is discussed by the Senate. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"; and it not seldom happens that a well-considered measure—the result of some weeks' deliberation on the part of a syndicate—may be wrecked before it can reach the Senate, if only its opponents on either of the above—mentioned Boards be sufficiently resolute. It is waste of time to cry over spilt milk, and we need, therefore, only allude in passing to the excess of caution which distinguishes the present rulers of Cambridge where money is concerned. It is a more pleasing task to mention that the which distinguishes the present rulers of Cambridge where money is concerned. It is a more pleasing task to mention that the Senate has decided to commence the new buildings for the University Library, designed by Mr. Pearson, without further delay; and that the Botanic Garden Syndicate has been empowered to obtain plans for a new range of plant-houses, provided the outlay do not exceed 3,000%. The study of botany, in the widest scientific sense, has of late years received great attention at Cambridge. There is an excellent staff of teachers, and the number of students is far larger than can be properly instructed in the present small and inconvenient class-rooms. The scheme for new plant-houses will include a small laboratory for research, by which means the garden will be brought into closer relations than heretofore with the teaching of the science. Besides this, a separate scheme provides for an additional classroom in connexion with the Botanical Department at the New Museums.

Museums.

We mentioned in a former article that the position of the Sedgwick Memorial Museum had become a subject of controversy. Since then, after a long debate in the Arts School, the Senate has empowered the Vice-Chancellor, by a majority of nine in a large house (the numbers were 80 to 71) to enter into negotiations with Downing College with the view of securing a site for the Museum at what is called the northern extremity of their grounds. Such a site is not only inconvenient—for its frontage is so narrow that any building erected upon it would present only a gable end to the street—but, as we pointed out before, it is remote from the other Museums with which the Museum of Geology ought naturally to communicate. Moreover, it is whispered that the price to be

Museums with which the Museum of Geology ought naturally to communicate. Moreover, it is whispered that the price to be asked for the half-acre required will probably exceed 5,cool. If this be the case, it may be safely concluded that the scheme has received its coup de grâce.

Opposition to the taxation of the colleges is growing apace. Meetings of Heads and Bursars have been held and resolutions framed which, if unanimity can only be attained, will in due time be submitted in the proper quarter. The gist of the proposal is that after 1890, when the maximum of the contribution will not exceed 18,000l., it shall remain at that maximum for ten years.

The Term has concluded with a great sensation. In both the

pe sh be in

tri

suc cou res<sub>1</sub>

cavi the and betw ditio us t of th socie

cause and drive depre their to tal never work of wo to am bealth.

Classical fripos and the Medieval and Modern Languages Tripos a lady Ma been victorious over all her male competitors. We have poken on this subject elsewhere, and only alluda to it again asked Tripos and the Media wat and Modern Language Tripos and y has been victorious over all her male competitors. We see poken on this subject elsewhere, and only allude to it again the sake of correcting a misconception on the subject of the ner class-list into which several of our contemporaries have fallen. The Reg following clause: The Regulations for the Classical Tripos contain the

That the names of those persons who pass the examination with credit shall be placed in three classes, each class to consist of one or more divisions. Each division shall contain one or more names, and, when more anames than one are so contained, they shall be arranged in alphabetical order.

The framers of this regulation evidently regarded the divisions of each class as brackets, in which those candidates whose marks are nearly equal were to be grouped. The present examiners forgot that the list of men is wholly independent of the list of women. They printed them separately, it is true; but it is evident that while they were drawing up the list of men they were thinking of Miss Ramsay's marks, and framed it as though they could write her name in the first division of the first class. In other words, the second division of the class-list for men is really the first.

#### CARDINAL MANNING ON DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH ROME.

WE had occasion last week to notice how Cardinal Manning, like the Hebrew Prophet of old, thought he did well to be angry, and indeed that he was fulfilling a sacred duty in his resentment, not at the growth of a gourd, but at the publication of a telegram which, as he pointed out with indignant emphasis, had already been contradicted on the subsequent afternoon. We need not return to his letter now further than to remind ourselves that, whatever else it affirmed or denied, it very distinctly, and no doubt quite sincerely, asserted his entire sympathy with Archbishop Walsh. On that matter some further light is thrown by a later Roman telegram in the *Times* of Wednesday last, which may not improbably kindle his Eminence's wrath once more to fever heat. That it is in all respects to titled outside the will respect to the country of the countr bably kindle his Eminence's wrath once more to fever heat. That it is in all respects strictly accurate we cannot indeed, as will presently appear, ourselves affect to believe, but that it contains a great deal of truth there can be little doubt. One point, not touching the Cardinal, is worth noting for its own sake. The writer reports that, after a careful examination of Italian journals, he has found but one which favours the Home Rule cause, the exception being precisely of that kind which is taken to prove the rule. It is the Moniteur de Rome, a French Catholic organ bitterly Anglophobist, but not representing the Vatican. From Mr. Gladstone's consent of the "civilized world" therefore must all events he deducted for one the verdict of Italy. On this exception being precessly of that and which is taken to prove the rule. It is the Moniteur de Rome, a French Catholic organ bitterly Anglophobist, but not representing the Vatican. From Mr. Gladstone's consent of the "civilized world" therefore must at all events be deducted for one the verdict of Italy. On this point the Times' Correspondent can hardly fail to be well informed. There are two other points on which his statements are more open to criticism. When he suggests that the combined influence of Cardinal Manning and Mr. Gladstone had much to do with the Pope's ultimate decision to sanction Dr. Walsh's election to the See of Dublin, to which he was himself known to be strongly opposed, this cannot be correct so far as Mr. Gladstone is concerned. He had not as yet "found salvation" with the Parnellites, and the unsuspicious testimony of Archbishop Walsh's own collected Addresses contirms, what indeed was well known before, that Sir George Errington was directed to use all his influence at Rome against the appointment. The Pope had plainly enough indicated his own intentions by telegraphing back Archbishop (now Cardinal) Moran from Sydney in order to translate him to Dublin. But it is of course very likely that the pressure brought to bear on his Holiness by the Irish bishops was backed by Cardinal Manning, though it is scarcely credible that his Eminence shares what is presumably their desire to see "the ultimate severance of Ireland from the English Crown"—for this reason, if for no other, that he must be well aware how seriously the influence of his Church in England would be weakened by such a national isolation. But that he has thrown his weight at the Vatican into the Separatist scale, and not on the side of peace and conciliation, is unfortunately plain enough, even from his own not very felicitous form of disclaimer, though he may not realize as fully as his archiepiscopal brother of Dublin all that separation means. Nor do we at all question the correspondent's assertion that there is a class of I

That is clearly not the view of Leo XIII., whose aim it has always been, as the Times' Correspondent rightly reminds us, to promote the peace of the world, and, so far as in him lies, to conciliate political and national antagonisms, and who therefore feels no sympathy with a movement tending necessarily to aggravate them, if not to precipitate a civil war. Nor is this all. There is an obvious limit to the popular dictum that "priests should not meddle with politics," or, as it is sometimes expressed, that politics should be banished from the pulpit. It is certainly undesirable as a rule that party politics should be handled ex cathedra by the ministers of religion, however decided may be their own personal convictions, whether Liberal or Conservative, though the rule is habitually broken by a large section of Nonconformist preachers. But there are broad moral questions which underlie—and ought to override—all distinctions of political party, and which may sometimes be at issue in a particular political contest. No one would deny e.g. that the clergy, as such, have a right to speak out on questions affecting the marriage law, or the social and moral welfare of whole classes of the community—such, for example, as Lord Shaftesbury used to interest himself about—and many will think that they have a right to speak out on questions directly concerning the integrity and unity of the empire. Still less can it be questioned that they are not only authorized but bound to make their voices heard when the elementary principles of morality are at stake, whether the occasion be or be not a political one. When the late Mr. Pye Smyth, himself an Irish Home Ruler, at least in Mr. Butt's sense of the word, and a devout Catholic, declared that "the Catholic Church had failed in Ireland as a teacher of morality," he meant that, whatever might be thought of the policy of Home Rule, the methods by which it was being promoted, with the connivance or direct encouragement of the clergy, were in flagrant violation of the plain precepts unfortunately in every way truer now. It would indeed be nearer the truth to say that the Catholic Church in Ireland, as nearer the truth to say that the Catholic Church in Ireland, as represented by the majority of its bishops and clergy, has not simply failed as a teacher of morality, but become an active propagandist of teaching which is absolutely immoral. To maintain that in such a case the Pope has no right or no obligation to interfere with the political action of those under his spiritual headship, even when priests or bishops, is no less absurd than to maintain that Christian preachers should cease to denounce theft or murder when those crimes happened in particular times or places to be mixed up with some political or quasi-political movement, as was once the case with Trades-Unionism. Such, we may be assured, is not Leo XIII.'s conception of the duties of his high position.

places to be mixed up with some political or quasi-political movement, as was once the case with Trades-Unionism. Such, we may be assured, is not Leo XIII.'s conception of the duties of his high position.

But meanwhile fuller light is thrown on Cardinal Manning's estimate of the existing situation by the appearance in the Germania, a German Catholic organ, of a memorandum drawn up by him on the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See, which was last week reprinted in the Tablet. We assume the document to be a genuine one, as well from it appearance in the Germania and the Tablet as from the strong internal evidence of style. His Eminence of course insists that the disadvantages would greatly outweigh the advantages of restoring diplomatic relations, and his reasons for that contention are very significant. He begins by observing that, "considering the peculiar character of the English Government, no emissary of ours could be looked upon as a complete representative of either England or Ireland," but only of the political party in power at the time. To which it is obvious to reply, first that the objection would hold good, volent quantum, against diplomatic relations with any foreign Power, and secondly that it does not hold good because, whatever differences of view may exist between successive Governments on questions of foreign policy, there is always sufficient solidarity of action to supply a practical basis of representation. And most conspicuously is this true in regard to our Irish policy, to which the Cardinal is chiefly referring. He argues that "it would be impossible for the Holy See to trust to the representations of any single personage"—i.e. the representative of any "actual Government"—and that its proper informants are "the 28 bishops of that country, who must know better than anybody else the religious, moral, and political circumstances," They cannot anybow know best the view which the English Government and English public opinion take of these circumstances,

is based on directly opposite grounds to those he had just urged against our sending a representative to the Vatican. His objection there was, that Ireland is a Catholic country, and the 28 bishops know all about it, and can give the Pope all requisite information without the meddlesome aid of any civil emissary, and his objection here is, that England is a Protestant country, and therefore a nuncio, whose presence in a Catholic country is in every way honourable and beneficial," would be quite out of place. Indeed his presence might prove dangerous, for the Government might endeavour through him to gain a voice in the appointment of Catholic bishops as it did "even at the beginning of this century," and any such concession would be "ruinous for the Catholic Church in England," or, we presume, in Ireland. Why, is not explained. The Cardinal does not add, what can hardly have been absent from his thoughts, that the presence of a nuncio in England would give to the Catholic laity—who are known to desire it and have indeed sounded the Government on the subject—an opportunity of making their views and wishes on various desire it and have indeed sounded the Government on the subject—an opportunity of making their views and wishes on various questions of the day, such as University education and the like, understood at Rome independently of the local hierarchy. As it is, the Pope is exclusively dependent for information on his four-teen English as on his 28 Irish bishops, which practically means that he is dependent on Cardinal Manning. Of the millions of Roman Catholics in the British Colonies and their bishops the memorandum takes no note. We content ourselves here with pointing out that of the 913 episcopal Sees under the jurisdiction of Rome no less than 142 are in the British Empire, and hence, in the absence of regular diplomatic relations, special negotiations have from time to time to be carried on between the British and have from time to time to be carried on between the British and Papal Governments. Mgr. Persico, for instance, who is now in Ireland, was about thirty years ago placed in communication with the English Government about the affairs of the Papal hierarchy in British India. The Cardinal's ideal, for England and Ireland, of a total separation of the temporal and spiritual orders may look plausible on paper, but is unworkable in the world of fact.

#### MODERN SOCIETY.

WE cannot fail, if we direct our thoughts to the subject, to be struck with the analogy between our great Empire and that of ancient Rome, and at the same time, without being pessimists, to feel that there is grave cause for anxiety lest we should share the same fate and crumble away to nothingness, and become a mere name and a page, though a large and important one, in history. It seems as if we are destined, as the Romans were, on in history. It seems as if we are destined, as the Romans were, on reaching the zenith of our fame and prosperity, to relapse into a state of spathy, indifference, and luxury, and to commit that most fatal error of living on the reputation we have gained and the successes we have achieved among the nations of the earth. There have doubt that when most obstacles have been overcome, can be no doubt that when most obstacles have been overcome, and when the struggle for existence and for greatness has been and when the struggle for existence and for greatness has been triumphantly concluded, nations are apt to give way to a longing for rest, the accumulation of wealth, and the enjoyment of luxury. There are several great influences that rule the destiny of nations, such as politics and commerce, but there is another that has an influence, and a strong influence, and that is the social condition of a people; the fountain-head and mainspring of which in this country is London society, which rightly assumes to itself the responsible position of setting the example to the rest of this great Empire. It is composed of the wealthiest, richest, and best born in the land, who gradually get drawn and congregate thither just as a log of wood is whirled round and round to the vortex of the maelstrom where in many cases, as in London society, it is lost. Many may log of wood is whirled round and round to the vortex of the maelstrom where in many cases, as in London society, it is lost. Many may cavil at the idea that society is largely responsible for the welfare of a people, but the two great examples of the Roman Empire and the French Monarchy should silence these and induce them to seriously turn their attention to the subject. Let us put politics and commerce aside for the time, and try to trace out the analogy between us and the people of ancient Rome in our social conditions, and there is but little doubt that the comparison will lead us to take warning and to feel considerable disquietude lest we ditions, and there is but little doubt that the comparison will lead us to take warning and to feel considerable disquietude lest we should be but too surely following in their footsteps and in those of the French Monarchy, in both of which cases, the rottenness of society at the core was but the premonitory symptom of the downfall of a great empire and an ancient monarchy. The deterioration of society is but a slow and gradual process, and there are many causes that tend towards this, among which are its immense and rapid growth and the bowing down to and worshipping of mammon, while another is the great depression in agriculture which and rapid growth and the bowing down to and worshipping of mammon, while another is the great depression in agriculture which drives many to London, who would otherwise be spending much of their time in healthy country pursuits, but who, owing to the depressed state of agriculture, are unable to live at and enjoy their country places, and being compelled to let them, are obliged to take up their head-quarters in town.

That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" is

d

to take up their head-quarters in town.

That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" is never more amply verified than in the case of young men thrown into a London life, either with enough to live comfortably on without work or with a sufficiency with the assistance of a certain amount of work to enjoy themselves. These young men naturally want to amuse themselves, and the tendency of a life of amusement in town is generally downwards, which is neither conducive to health or morality, and society of the present day is by no means prone to show its disapproval of such a course, should the actors in it be some of the fashionable favourites. If the delinquent, even in the more public form of a hero of a cause célèbre, be well

endowed with the world's goods, his fiasco would not in any way militate against him; he would be as much as ever sought after by the mother with marriageable daughters, and great triumph would be displayed if he were successfully captured, while his former character would be disposed of by the usual generalities as to "sowing his wild oats." Not a thought would be allowed to obtrude itself as to the risk of entrusting a daughter's happiness to one with such an unenviable reputation, if he had a sufficiency of income. There is no doubt that now society is more tolerant of youthful peccadilloes, and that, therefore, the same peccadilloes which always have been in vogue, are at the present day more openly spoken of, and the same care is not taken to hide and disguise them and relegate them to the darker corners of a man's life, as he feels that society is careless on the subject and is not

like, as he feels that society is careless on the subject and is not likely to raise its voice against his manner of life.

Another tendency of the present day is the laxity of conversation permitted by many ladies in society in their male friends. This latter evil is one of very rapid growth, and has spread in many cases from the married women even to the girls, who think many cases from the married women even to the girls, who think that they can make themselves as agreeable to the men as their successful rivals, by adopting the same style and allowing the same freedom of conversation. This, to a great extent, is attributable to the rage for beautiful women which for some time now has been dominant in London society; for now a woman, if she is extremely lovely, and can get an introduction, is sure to be a star in society for a time, no matter what her position may be, and whether it entitles her to be fixed and made much of by the great. whether it entitles her to be feted and made much of by the great ones of the land, and wishing to make her reign as successful as possible, until a brighter star arises and eclipses her, permits and encourages that loose kind of conversation that is so attractive to many men. This rage for beauty has been a great bane in London society for some time, and has rightly been a source of annoyance to the younger unmarried members of families who hold their position by right; for it is an undoubted hardship for them to feel themselves shelved and neglected by the men in favour of the feel themselves shelved and neglected by the men in favour of the fashionable beauties, and some of the sillier of them think that they can improve their position by copying the ways, manners, and conversation of these piratical craft. Society has lately advanced a stage further, and the beauties of London society whose "face is their fortune" now are finding rivals in successful showmen, whose merits as pets of the fashionable world are not properly appreciated in their own country. This same worship of a successful showman is in close analogy to the later and more rotten days of the Roman Empire when the gladiators were the favoured ones and pets of the Roman Ideies. Society, again, is open to all who have the golden key; and if any aspirant who does not happen to have a beautiful face, or to be a successful showman with flowing locks and wild appearance, can judiciously get taken up, and is willing to spend unlimited money, his or her success is also ensured.

Another feature of the present day is the freedom that exists

Another feature of the present day is the freedom that exists in talking about ladies in clubs and other public places, more especially among the younger men. Ladies are publicly spoken of and canvassed now in a way that is a diagrace to men, and that would in former days of necessity have entailed many an exchange of shots; and in some ways one cannot but regret that these young men do not receive such a lesson "in corpore vili" as they would have formerly, so as to teach them the lesson of that manly chivalry that should soorn and loathe to make public property of a lady's name, whether or not by her actions she had laid herself open to the shafts of venomous tongues. A greater laxity also exists now in the payment of debts of honour, and it is by no means unusual now for men to play for such stakes that, if they have a run of bad luck and lose heavily, they are quite unable to pay, without seeming to consider it so great a dishonour as our forefathers did. Indeed, unless they get posted and turned out of their clubs, they bear with comparative complacency the disgrace of letting-in their friends. Of course, though we cannot advocate duelling, this is another result of its abolition, and there can be little doubt that when it was permissible, to a large extent it did away with the lightly taking in vain of ladies' names and the remissness in settling debts of honour. To some extent, those who sell their daughters to the highest bidders are responsible for a great deal that goes on in society, though they may do it from what they consider the highest motives—namely, the marrying and settling them well. For women, who marry men for whom they cannot pretend, even to themselves, to have the slightest affection, though from a sense of duty and honour they may, in act and deed, be faithful to them, are very apt to show a distinct partiality for the society of other men, and the carrying on of harmless flirtations. The world, which is only too wilting to put the worst construction on the conduct of the individuals t Another feature of the present day is the freedom that exists in talking about ladies in clubs and other public places, more espe-

to lower the standard, there will be no half-way house. Society will degenerate into absolute Bohemianism, and be unable to set the example it should to the rest of the country, and by its complete rottenness and degradation assist in the disintegration of this great Empire.

#### DONATELLO.

THE brilliant fêtes that have just been held in Florence to celebrate the uncovering of the façade of the Duomo have somewhat thrown into the shade the less showy demonstrations made at the same time in honour of the fifth centenary of Donatello's birth. There is a great tendency in these days to make the most of any and every centenary with a zeal not always to be commended; but the great Tuscan sculptor is worthy of the honours somewhat tardily granted him, and the Florentine celebration has afforded interesting opportunities for studying his life and work.

M. Eugène Muntz ingeniously asks in his able monograph whether Donatello did not inherit some of the characteristics of whether Donatello did not inherit some of the characteristics of his genius from his father's revolutionary temperament. Be that as it may, if he did not effect a radical change in the art of sculpture, he materially advanced its legitimate development, and holds a prominent place in its history. At the beginning of the fifteenth century Giotto's influence was still felt in every branch of art, and there was a tendency to assimilate sculpture to painting to a degree that threatened to become very prejudicial and hindering to the former. Donatello, who seems to have had that just sense of proportion which is the property of sane and wholesome genius, counteracted this tendency in the dawn of the Renaissance. His own leaning was to a somewhat uncompromising realism. The study of nature was new and intoxicating, and the former types of plastic art were no longer adequate to represent the stress of Christian experience and feeling. But Donatello went twice to Rome—once in company with Brunellesco, who had marked this tendency in his nature was new and intoxicating, and the former types of plastic art were no longer adequate to represent the stress of Christian experience and feeling. But Donatello went twice to Rome—once in company with Brunellesco, who had marked this tendency in his friend, and told him unsparingly that his Christ was no more than a mere peasant—and he there studied the noble self-restraint and dignified strength of classic art. He could not study it in the comprehensive way that has become possible in our day, but he studied it, at any rate, to such purpose that he became a fitting link between the achievements of the past and present. So much and cursorily for the artist. The man was humble-minded, and upright and disinterested in all his actions. He had a cheerful temper, that caused him to be much beloved by his contemporaries, and a mixture of kindly shrewdness and simplicity, that carried him safely and pleasantly through life. Of his outward semblance we have one record left in the likeness painted by his friend Ucello, which is now in the Louvre. It is from this portrait that Signor Mancini has modelled the bust of Donatello which obtained the distinction of being selected by the committee appointed to organize the centenary fêtes. The bronze is placed in a niche of the Palazzo Tedaldi, where Donatello and others had workshops when executing commissions for the Opera del Duomo. The bust is a good solid piece of work, worthy of a larger setting, and represents Donatello with the concentrated, purposeful expression of one whose knitted brows were the portfolio—for so Donatello himself explained it—where the plans and sketches of imperishable work were kept ready to hand.

The first stone of a monument to the Tuscan sculptor has been laid in San Lorenzo, in the chapel of the Martelli who were his

were kept ready to hand.

The first stone of a monument to the Tuscan sculptor has been laid in San Lorenzo, in the chapel of the Martelli who were his earliest and most timely patrons. He was buried at the foot of the steps leading to the crypt where his other great patron, Cosimo Vecchio, received sepulture; and the tourist has to ask the sacristan to strike a match before he can read the name over which he has been walking. A second monument to Donatello is about to be erected in Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Italy.

Italy.

Two important items of the Donatello celebration have been the lecture given by Professor Villari at the Circolo Artistico, and the Esposizione Donatelliana opened at the National Museum. It is always a boon to lovers of art, and a lesson in art culture offered to the general public, when an opportunity is afforded of studying a master's works collectively. This can now be done in Florence, where originals and excellent casts form an interesting and valuable exhibition. There one can measure the quality of Donatello's genius and see how instinct are its manifestations with the highest artistic purpose and respect for the immutable canons of art, how masterly and always deeply interesting in their realism and truth. realism and truth.

THE GOLD WITHDRAWALS AND THE PROSPECTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

THIS week there has been a very rapid fall in the rates of interest and discount. Last week the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England for shipment, chiefly to Germany, but to a small amount also to the United States, together with the demand that always exists at the end of June for bankers' accommodation, caused a very considerable rise in the rates. In the early part of this week it was assumed that the gold withdrawals had come to an end, and there was as rapid a decline in the rates as the previous advance. On Wednesday and Thursday, for example, loans were made from day to day as low as ½ per

cent. Per annum, and three months bills were discounted at 1½ per cent. These figures would seem to imply that, in the opinion of bankers and bill-brokers, the rates of discount will continue very low for a considerable time to come; but, in fact, they indicate nothing of the kind. Brokers and discount houses compete keenly with one another for business, and they accept of rates which very many of them know to be dangerously low. It is quite true that, if the market was governed only by the home trade demand, the value of loanable capital ought to be very low. The trade improvement, as we pointed out some weeks ago, received a severe check from the war scars at the beginning of the year, and ever since it has been very slow and gradual. Consequently there has not been that demand for loans and discounts on account of augmented trade which six or eight months ago was confidently looked for. Further, it is to be recollected that foreign bankers compete very actively for English bills. Practically London, for several reasons which we need not now specify, has become the only free market for gold; and, therefore, all who desire to be able to obtain gold when they wish are anxious to hold sterling bills, as they are called—that is to say, bills payable in London, and consequently in gold. The great Continental bankers with our own bankers and bill-brokers forces down rates in ordinary times. But this competition of these great Continental bankers with our own bankers and bill-brokers forces down rates in ordinary times. But this competition of the great Continental bankers is a formidable danger to the money market in exceptional times. The bankers, as we have said, compete for English bills because they wish to have it in their power at all times to obtain gold at pleasure; and, if any crisis occurs that makes it advisable for them to take gold, they may withdraw so much from the Bank of England as completely to change the condition of the money market. We saw an example last week. The Imperial Bank of Germany hold partly because of the competition to which we have been referring, the rate of discount in London fell very low last month, and then the German capitalists availed themselves of the opportunity to withdraw gold from the Bank of England in very considerable to withdraw gold from the Bank of England in very considerable amounts. Gold was also taken in very small amounts for New York; in more considerable amounts for Buenos Ayres, and for some few other places. The result was that in the fortnight ended on Wednesday night last about \$33,000. were withdrawn from the Bank of England. Partly in consequence of this withdrawal, and partly because of the temporary demand for loans and discounts which always occurs at the end of June and the end of December, there was a sharp rise in the rates of interest and discount. The withdrawals from the Bank of England seemed to have ceased at the beginning of this week, and at the same and discount. The withdrawals from the Bank of England seemed to have ceased at the beginning of this week, and at the same time there was an end to the temporary demand for loans and discounts which always occurs at the end of June. Lastly, there was about to be paid out of the Bank of England a considerable sum as interest due upon the National Debt. All these circumstances combined to force down the rate of discount, as we have stated above.

sum as interest due upon the National Debt. All these circumstances combined to force down the rate of discount, as we have stated above.

If it were really true that the gold withdrawals had ceased, the fall in the rate of discount would probably go farther, and, in any case, the rate would remain low for some months to come; but it is evident to every careful observer that the withdrawals are not at an end, and indeed it is extremely probable that they are only now seriously beginning. The withdrawals for Germany are of importance only because it is extremely likely that there will be an extraordinary drain of gold to New York by-and-by, and the supply held by the Bank of England is not sufficient. Every diminution of the supply, therefore, is comparatively of importance; but in itself the German demand could easily be satisfied and need not have caused any uneasiness. The one great influence governing the money market at the present moment is the demand for the United States. When a trade depression ends in the United States and a great revival sets in there is always an extraordinary expansion in the money in circulation. The population of the United States grows at an extraordinary rate—counting immigrants, probably at the rate of a million a year. The area under cultivation is also being augmented at an unprecedented rate. Further, when a trade revival begins it is always accompanied by the construction of railways on a scale constantly increasing. Very rapid railway construction gives a stimulus to the iron and coal trades, and they in turn to the other trades, while the pushing on of new railways into unsettled territories quickens the extension of the cultivated area, and carries farther the tide of migration. Thus, partly because the expansion of trade is very rapid, and partly because population is spreading into new and unsettled territories where there has been hitherto no circulating medium, the demand for currency grows at an extraordinary rate. During the trade revival which began in 1879 there

bun it a whi four

the contract of the contract o

or bad there is always a flow of money from New York in the autumn to move the crops, as it is called—that is to say, to cut down, gather in, and carry to market the greatcrops, particularly the wheat and the cotton crops. The first of those outflows will begin about the end of August, and will reach a maximum some time in September; and when this outflow is added to the steady outflow that has been going on throughout the spring on account of the trade revival, it is almost certain that the demand for gold from New York will become such as to lead to very large withdrawals from the Bank of England.

In 1880-81 the drain from this country was large, but there was

for gold from New York will become such as to lead to very large withdrawals from the Bank of England.

In 1880-81 the drain from this country was large, but there was also a very considerable drain from France. This was so because the French harvests were exceedingly bad, and the French purchases of wheat had to be paid for in gold, France not exporting very largely to the United States. At the same time speculation in Paris was rampant, and the speculators had gambled largely in American railroad securities. Now, the French harvests for some years past have been good, and, as we pointed out last week, speculation in France in American railroad securities has quite ceased since the war scare. There is no reason, therefore, to suppose that France owes any considerable amount of money to the United States; and it is difficult to see, therefore, how any portion of the drain of gold can be diverted from London to Paris. It is quite true that if France owes England very large sums the debt might be settled by remitting on English account gold from Paris instead of from London; but there is no evidence to show that a considerable debt is due by France to England. Possibly there may be a larger debt due from Germany to the United States than there is by France—firstly, because the German speculation in American railroad securities is always considerable, and may increase at any moment; and, secondly, because Germany is at all times an importer of wheat. Some part of the drain may, therefore he directed from this country to Learney, but it is to and may increase at any moment; and, secondly, because Germany is at all times an importer of wheat. Some part of the drain may, therefore, be diverted from this country to Germany; but it is to he feared that the main demand will come upon ourselves. be feared that the main demand will come upon ourselves. The reason is that the trade between this country and the United States is out of all comparison larger than the trade of any other country with the United States. We import wheat from America in immense quantities; we also import maize, provisions of all kinds, and cetton; and consequently those who sell to us this vast quantity of goods can take payment, if they choose, in gold. Against the debt due from this country to the United States on account of our imports there is of course the warr large dated as to a from of our imports, there is, of course, the very large debt due to us from the United States on account of various investments we have made in the United States on account of various investments we have made in American land, houses, and industries of all kinds, as well as in American railroad securities; but then there is also to be taken into account our purchases of new American railroad securities constantly going on. Just now, it is true, speculation in American railroad securities is not active, but at any moment it may become so; and, at all events, the evidence appears to be conclusive that this country owes a large sum to the United States, and that consequently the creditors in the United States can exact payment in gold. We need hardly add that, whatever may be the actual relation of the debts from and to the two countries them. consequently the creditors in the United States can exact payment in gold. We need hardly add that, whatever may be the actual relation of the debts from and to the two countries, there are always means by which bankers can take gold when it is necessary. It seems, then, to be morally certain that the trade revival now going on will itself, as previous trade revivals have done ceues a damand from America noon Europe for gold and done, cause a demand from America upon Europe for gold, and that the greater part of the demand will have to be satisfied by this country. And also it seems to be reasonably certain that the accumulation of unemployed money in the Trensury will still further cause stringency in the money market, and increase the demand. We have so often referred to the effect of the large surplus of revenue We have so often referred to the effect of the large surplus of revenue over expenditure in the United States in tightening the money market, and of the employment of that surplus in debt redemption, that we need not particularly go into the matter just now. It will be enough to remind our readers that just now the surplus is very large, that debt redemption in the way to which we have been accustomed is at an end, and that consequently it is not very clearly seen how the Secretary of the Treasury can manage to pay that large surplus out of the Treasury. But if he does not do so the stringency in the New York money market will be greatly increased, and may magnify the demand for gold.

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A NATIONAL collection of pictures is nothing if it is not instructive; but it is not instructive unless it is arranged on certain principles. The pictures should be in three kinds of order at one and the same time; that is to say, they should be hung according to the time at which they were painted, and according to the schools in which they were painted; and they should also be placed as far as possible, after due regard to these first considerations, each in the place most calculated to show it and its neighbours to the best advantage. In the building which has hitherto housed our national collections it has been found impossible to do any of these things. A kind of jewel room was attempted, in which the Raphaels and Titians were hung; but it constantly overflowed, and had latterly been practically given up. An attempt at classification was also made, but failed for a similar reason. During the past two or three years pictures could not even be hung so as to set each other off; and the mixture of schools became almost universal, while the lack of space on the walls enforced the use in nearly every room

of hideous and inconvenient screens. As an institution for education the National Gallery had well nigh ceased to exist.

The new rooms, opened to the public on Monday last, have
relieved this congestion, and the authorities are greatly to be congratulated on the firmness with which they have carried out the pratulated on the firmless with which they have cause to which we shall presently refer, if we know to what school a picture belongs, or, if it is an English picture, to what period, we can find it at once. The galleries are all renumbered; and No. 1 is the first at the head of the new staircase. Six new galleries, besides the besides are the staircase and in various vestibules, are the head of the new staircase. Six new galleries, besides the hanging space on the staircase and in various vestibules, are added to the rooms available already; and, passing through the North Vestibule, with its examples of the early Italian schools, we come at once, in the first gallery, to a magnificent series of pictures by the great masters of the Tuscan school. We need only mention two in order to show the character of this need only mention two in order to show the character of this gallery as now arranged. On the right hangs the great Leonardo, the "Madonna of the Rocks." On the left is a picture which is new to the Gallery, the "Domenico Veneziano," presented last year by Lord Crawford. There are two smaller rooms on either hand, Nos. II. and III. In No. II. are examples of the Sienese school, and in No. III. the Tuscan school is continued, with the great Botticelli from the Hamilton collection as its principal feature. Looking through this gallery from No. I. we see in the far distance the Flemish room at the other end of the building, and the Blenheim Vandyck full in sight. Looking straightforward, through No. I. and the next room to it northward, No. V., we see the Ansidei Raphael in No. VI., hung so as exactly to face the staircase and to be, in fact, the very first picture a visitor will see as he enters the National Gallery. In the intermediate room, No. V., a number of the Ferrarese and Bolognese pictures are collected, and in the National Gallery. In the intermediate room, No. v., a manner of the Ferrarese and Bolognese pictures are collected, and in the same gallery with the large Raphael is a long series of Umbrian pictures leading up to it, and ending with a Giovanni Santi, a Perugino or two, and the three smaller Raphaels, which hang on either side of that from Blenheim. Almost everywhere in this collection of the side of the statement of the stat this gallery the pictures are hung in a single line; and the power of comparing the Lo Spagnos, the L'Ingegno, and a beautiful little "Baptism," attributed to Dei Vite, and presented a few weeks ago by Mr. de Zoete, with the great works of the chief glory of the school, is most instructive. What was the great room of the old gallery opens from the Umbrian room on the east, and is No. VII. It contains chiefly the Venetian pictures, and others of the school are in No. VIII. and No. IX. It would be impossible to detail all the new arrangements; but we may observe on the new English rooms, in which the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs from the Peel collection are placed with the other pictures from the same easels; and on the French room, in which are the principal Claudes and Poussins. Another and far greater cause for regret should not be left unnoticed. By the fatal policy of the late Government the National Gallery is left penniless, and great pictures are leaving the country daily. Much is being done by private generosity to till gaps, but private generosity cannot do everything that is required. The new arrangement makes it easier to see what we want. Our weakness in French pictures wight have been evaluated. this gallery the pictures are hung in a single line; makes it easier to see what we want. Our weakness in French pictures might have been completely remedied at the Lonsdale sale

makes it easier to see what we want. Our weakness in French pictures might have been completely remedied at the Lonsdale sale last month, but Sir Frederick Burton had no money to spend. This is only one example. We have mentioned the gifts of two donors; in the English part of the collection will be found a splendid bequest, Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," lately left to the nation by Mr. Newman Smith. It will be well, in remarking on the new buildings, to pass lightly over the architecture. We are so glad to have the new galleries that we are not inclined to be very critical, and, in truth, they do not invite criticism, as ordinary architectural terms fail to describe a building which is not in any particular style nor designed after any known rules of proportion. But attention should be called to some very beautiful columns of Numidian marble, and to the generally harmonious effect of the coloured hangings.

THE performance of *Mefistofele* at Her Majesty's last week was a matter rather to be regretted than otherwise. A work so charged with qualities resulting from the highest artistic imaginacharged with quantical results from the inglast ansatz magnation cannot be produced with credit either to the management or to the composer at what may be called, without any undue severity, a scratch performance—the line of demarcation in operas of this class between the sublime and the ludicrous is too slight. Mefistofele has the fortune—or perhaps, in a case like the present, the misfortune—of having its libretto written by the composer, who has had in his "mind's eye" throughout a miss-enscène of the most elaborate character, to each change of which he has set an appropriate musical accompaniment. At Her Majesty's the other evening, in the first scene, we beheld a very ill-painted "cloud-cloth," to use the technical term, with two big round holes in it, one at the top and the other at the bottom. The upper was rendered of no account, since it was never used, whereas in the lower Mefistofele appeared, standing apparently on an old tea-chest turned upside down. The illusion was necessarily the reverse of complete. Throughout this scene the clouds should be shown as in motion, under variously admirably managed effects of light, whilst in the background annot be produced with credit either to the management

weird spiritual forms should appear dimly moving to and fro. In short, the utmost skill and artistic effect should be displayed everywhere, and a stage-management equalling that of the Lyceum itself employed, so that the poetical majesty of the opera should be equally as well interpreted to the vision of the spectator as it is musically to his ears. This is evidently the intention of Boïto, else why should he so minutely describe in his admirable libretto each change of scene and of scenic effect? Under the actual conditions, with very indifferent and often ludicrously incongruous sceney, patchworked ferent and often ludicrously incongruous scenery, patchworked from all the old operas of the repertoire, with crudely dressed choristers, who in the great Brocken scene appeared as if let loose from a neighbouring costumier's shop to indulge in the capers of from a neighbouring costumier's shop to indulge in the capers of an unseemly carnival, and a quartet of principal performers, only one of whom was a really great artist, this intricate opera failed to produce any other feelings save those of vexation, disappointment, and ridicule. There is, however, a lesson to be learnt even from this exasperating performance, and it is that, if our operatic managers would consent to concentrate their efforts on the proper production of only three operas during a senson, and mount such works as the Mefistofele of Boïto with well-trained choristers, an efficient orchestra, a great east, and magniticent scenery, they would do well, and most probably find generous support as a reward for their enterprise and common sense. We have had three simultaneous Italian opera companies this season, and all three have been giving nightly changing répertoires of old operas. Thus we have had three contemporary performances of Lucia, Son-numbula, Traviata, and Faust, and on more than one occasion the same opera has been produced on the same evening at three neons Italian opera companies this senson, and all three mave been giving nightly changing répertoires of old operas. Thus we have had three contemporary performances of Lucia, Sonnambula, Traviata, and Faust, and on more than one occasion the same opera has been produced on the same evening at three different theatres. Failure is the inevitable result of such ill-judged rivalry. We do not pretend to give advice, but simply to suggest that, if Italian opera is ever to become popular again, it must be under very different conditions to those which seem to rule the minds of our operatic managers at present. The musical public has now become numerically so great that managers can well afford to mount an opera for what is vulgarly called "a run," but we are growing tired of the old répertoire, and especially of a series of sample débutantes posing night after night as fresh claimants for fame, as Amina, Lucia, and Margherita, not to mention Dinorah, Rosina, and that unpleasantly famed lady Violetta. Of the latest production of Mejistofele the least said the better, except that the orchestra and chorus were efficient, and that Mme. Trebelli, as Martha and Pentalis, proved how valuable is a really great artist, even when performing a subordinate part, by influencing with her immense talent and experience the general effect of a performance which might otherwise prove disastrously dull and uninteresting. Signor Oxilia, the Faust of the occasion, acted and sang well enough, but this opera demands qualifications on the part of its principal interpreter which this gentleman does not possess; and the same may be said of the Mefistofele of M. Abramoff, and of the doubled rôle of Margherita and Helena of Mile, Gina Osilio, otherwise clever artists.

Mme. Patti appeared on Friday night last as Violetta Valory in La Traviata. It is needless to say much of this well-known, and, inits way, unrivalled performance, which has not varied in the least, either for better or for wores, since its initial presentation. The same girlish

Señor Gayarró's voice is not sufficiently sympathetic in quality for the refined music allotted to him; but in justice to them both Senhor D'Andrade and M. Lorrain gave a right vigorous inter-pretation of the famous duet "Suoni la tromba intrepida," and

urned a well-merited encore in consequence.

Mme. Valda's Margherita in Faust was not only a fine but a Mme. Valda's Margherita in Faust was not only a fine but a very original performance. Her costume was charming, and evidently copied from an old picture of the period. Her acting was simple, pathetic, and exceedingly tender; and her singing in the earlier scenes was refined and artistic, but it became most dramatic at the death of Valentine and in the prison scene, in which she sang with genuine inspiration. Semiramide on Tuesday failed to interest those who still remember Mlle. Titiens as the Babylonian Queen, or for the matter of that the more recent performances of Mme. Nilsson and Mme. Patti in the same rôle. Mme. di Cepeda, however, appeared to greater advantage in this character than in any other she has yet essayed, and the execution of the cavatina "Bel raggio" was brilliant. The Arsace of Mme. Scalchi is a well-known and popular performance, and she sang "Eccomi al fine in Babilonia" effectively, and with Mme. di Cepeda earned an encore for the great duet "Giorno d'orrore."

The picturesque wiese of Cavana and the spirited inter-

"Eccomi al fine in Babilonia" effectively, and with Mme. di Cepeda earned an encore for the great duet "Giorno d'orrore."

The picturesque mise-en-scène of Curmen, and the spirited interpretation of the title rôle by Mme. Minnie Hauk, consoled the audience at Drury Lane for the temporary absence of M. Jean de Reszké, who was to have appeared as Lohengrin on Saturday, and on Wednesday as Raoul, but was unfortunately unwell, and unable to do so. We have already noticed more than once Mme. Hauk's well-known performance, which, if it lacks the grace and poetry of the Carmen of Mme. Marie Roze, is nevertheless an able interpretation of the most selfish and unheroic of operatic heroines. Mille. Marie Engle's Michaela is a gentle and graceful impersonation, and she sings the only refined aria in the opera delightfully. The first appearance of Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson as Zerlina was an interesting event. She acted charmingly, and sang the music with freshness and grace. "Batti, batti," was given with delightful coquetterie, and she created a decidedly favourable impression, confirming thereby her success as Rosina. The cast was the same as on the previous occasion.

Next week is the last of the season at Covent Garden. Her Majesty's will close also, after the third and last appearance of Mme. Patti. Drury Lane will remain open for some time to come, owing to the deserved success of Faust and other popular operas, which, to Mr. Augustus Harris's credit, have been produced in a very superior style.

duced in a very superior style.

#### IN THE TWO HOUSES

THE Irish Land Bill did not reach the House of Commons as THE Irish Land Bill did not reach the House of Commons as early as was expected. It was thought that the report of amendments on its recommitment would occupy but a very short time on Friday, July I, that the third reading would follow immediately, and that the Bill would be sent down on the same evening to the House of Commons. In these circumstances, Mr. W. H. Smith had proposed that the third reading of the Crimes Bill should take place on Tuesday, thus redeeming his pledge that the latter measure should not leave the Commons taxell the Lead Bill was in its presserior. To this experience. pledge that the latter measure should not leave the Commons until the Land Bill was in its possession. To this arrangement Mr. John Morley, who is rapidly becoming an adept in sophisms of argument and tactics of obstruction, of which he would once have been ashamed, objected. He asked if it was contended that, as the Land Bill would not be in circulation until Tuesday morning, the pledge of the First Lord of the Treasury would be fulfilled if members had between eleven and twelve o'clock on Tuesday morning and four or five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon for considering the measure. The consideration of the measure will, however, as Mr. John Morley very well knows, take place on on I desury morning and four or two consideration of the measure. The consideration of the measure will, however, as Mr. John Morley very well knows, take place its several stages; and there is no doubt that Mr. John Morland his friends of the obstruction will take care that there and his friends of the obstruction will take care that there is no undue economy of time in dealing with the measure. Mr. Smith's pledge was intended to secure that the Commons should not part with the Crimes Bill until the Land Bill was in their power, so as to ensure that coercive legislation should be accompanied by remedial legislation. Alarm was felt, or feigned, that the Lords, having got the Crimes Bill in their hands before they parted with the Land Bill, might pass the first and drop the second. This security was obtained by the arrangement which sent down the Land Bill to the Commons for first reading on Monday, and fixed the third reading of the Crimes Bill for Tuesday. However, to meet an objection put forward simply to mislead opinion out of doors, Mr. Smith consented to postpone the third reading of the Crimes Bill to Thursday. On that day Mr. Gladstone moved the rejection of the Bill in a speech not marked by his usual rhetorical power, but not deficient in the Mr. Gladstone moved the rejection of the Bill in a speech not marked by his usual rhetorical power, but not deficient in the sophistical ingenuity which has survived his nobler qualities of mind and character. He made the speech which Mr. Parnell or Mr. Dillon might have made years ago against Mr. Gladstone's coercive measures, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, under a ranning fire of not quite orderly interruptions from the Obstructionist leader, made the speech in which Mr. Gladstone would have replied to his old enemies and present accomplices. The debate which fought the old issues over again was adjourned until yesterday, when the expected division no doubt took place, and the Crimes Bill was read a third time and passed. But of this we cannot speak historically. After the motion by Mr. Bryce for the adjournment of the debate, the Distressed Unions (Ireland) Bill, which supersedes Boards of Guardians who have neglected their duty by Commissioners, was read a second time.

missioners, was read a second time.

The consideration in the Lords of the report of amendments The consideration in the Lords of the report of amendments on the Irish Land Bill, on its recommitment, was really a second-reading debate. The critics of the measure on the front Opposition Bench conveniently leave out of account the fact that the Ireland whose industrial and social disorganization requires remedy is the Ireland which Mr. Gladstone, who is everywhere the author not of peace but of confusion, has created. It is his blunders which require remedy. The Bill does not attempt to do more than to patch up a vicious and artificial scheme into something like working order until a sounder system can be introduced. Until political economy is recalled from its exile in Georgium Sidus there is no hope. The principle for which Lord Spencer

and Lord Herschell contend is practically that the main feature of the Act of 1881 shall be repealed, and that there shall be no real fixing of judicial rents, since such rents are to be judicially unfixed whenever it may be inconvenient for the tenants to pay them. An arrangement of this kind, which disturbs that basis of certainty on which all industry must proceed, will, in the long run, prove as injurious to the tenants as it is unjust to the landlords, enas injurious to the tenants as it is unjust to the landlords, encouraging the former to rely on the chapter of accidents, to find pretexts for evading their obligations, and generally depraving what remains in them of an industrial conscience. Lord Salisbury's description of the paralysis of industry which must ensue when the stability of contracts and judicial decisions is periodically disturbed and constantly threatened was marked by even more than his usual force of argument and language. One of the remarkable features of the debate was that it elicited from Lord Scener the remark that he did not approprie of the Plan of Corn Spencer the remark that he did not approve of the Plan of Campaign. That such a statement should be made in such words paign. That such a statement should be made in such words is a noteworthy circumstance. Presently we may hear from him that he is far from approving of theft and murder. That the assertion should have been welcomed as if it were a strenuous assertion of the moral law shows what is the ethical level to which Mr. Gladstone has reduced even the more scrupulous and upright of his partisans. At Lord Spencer's suggestion that the Purchase clauses of the Bill were not likely to be seriously opposed in the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury consented to retain them. But Lord Spencer, thinking over the matter, became aneasy at the idea of having pledged his venerated leaders, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, and hastily explained that he had no authority to bind any one. The discussion was feebly renewed on the third reading of the Bill on Monday—a Bill of which the sole merit is that it may establish a provisional and precarious modus vicendi between landlord and tenant until, in their common interest, Mr. Gladstone's meddling and muddling legislation is superseded by the abolition of that dual ownership which is one of his most remarkable contributions to the social and industrial anarchy of Ireland. Other topics which have engaged the House of Lords are the Canadian Tariffs, which Lord Dunraven defended as designed to protect Canadian industry from competition with that of the United States rather than with that of the United Kingdom; and the First Offenders Bill, which which Mr. Gladstone has reduced even the more scrupulous a competition with that of the United States rather than with that of the United Kingdom; and the First Offenders Bill, which was read a second time on Tuesday on the motion of Lord Belmore, the purport of which is to give discretion at the Courts to release first offenders on recognizance, and subject to revision, instead of subjecting them to the stigma and taint of imprisonment for trivial offences.

ment for trivial offences.

On Thursday the report of amendments on the Land Transfer Bill was received in the Lords. Lord Denman, being unable to find a co-teller to assist him in counting nobody, withdrew his amendment that the report be received that day three months. An amendment by Lord Herschell making it unnecessary to register land in case of sale, letting, or mortgage until the conveyance had been effected, was rejected on division. The same fate befel an amendment of Lord Faversham's to omit the clause which belishes a reimcorritum. The same at the Municipal Company abolishes primogeniture. The report on the Municipal Corpora-tions (Ireland) Bill was received. Its object is to refer to the enlarged municipal constituency of Belfast a scheme of land As the new electors cannot come on the register so dearly as November, an amendment, proposed by Lord Spencer, deferring its operation until after the ensuing municipal elections was adopted. The Tithes Rent Charge Bill was read a third time and passed; the report of amendments on the Incumbents' Resignation Bill was received; and the Quarries Bill was passed through Committee and reported.

Resignation Bill was received; and the Quarries Bill was passed through Committee and reported.

On Friday, July 1, the House of Commons succeeded in getting into Committee of Supply, after long discussions on various subjects. Mr. Bradlaugh advocated the enforced purchase by local authorities, for the sake of letting it to tenant cultivators, of land admitting of cultivation, but now held in waste. The motion in which he embodied his views was rejected on division by 173 votes to 97. Mr. Conybeare then attacked what he considered the unfair basis of assessment for local rates adopted in recard to mansions. demesnes, and parks. Mr. O'Hea called attended to the control of t 173 votes to 97. Mr. Conybeare then attacked what he considered the unfair basis of assessment for local rates adopted in regard to mansions, demesnes, and parks. Mr. O'Hea called attention to the want of proper Harbour Accommodation on the West Coast of Ireland. After Supply had been reached and progress had been reported, the Crofters' Holding (Scotland) Bill was read a third time. On Monday, Mr. W. H. Smith moved that during the remainder of the Session, Government orders of the day and notices of motion have precedence, and stated what were the measures in addition to the Irish Crimes Bill and the Irish Land Bill which the Government intended to press forward. This modest list includes the Tithe Rent Charge Bill, the Coal Mines' Regulation Bill, the Merchandise Marks Bill, and the Criminal Procedure (Scotland) Bill. Besides these, Mr. Smith hopes to be able to pass a Technical Education Bill, and a Bill for the Revision of Local Boundaries. Whether cr not the Lord Chancellor's Land Transfer Bill and the Railway Rates Bill will pass depends on the temper of Mr. Gladstone, or, as Mr. Smith preferred to put it, of the House. The discussion was chiefly remarkable for a sort of triangular duel between Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen, and Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Gladstone contended that the Government had obstructed itself, and remarked exultingly that, whatever ill-conditioned persons out of doors might have said, no one within the House had ventured to charge him with obstruction—an omission which was promptly supplied by Mr. Goschen; whereon Sir William Harcourt intervened in his noisiest Pistol-Bohadil-Parolles vein. Mr. Gladstone,

whose manners have been somewhat corrupted by the evil companionship of Dr. Tanner and Mr. Conybeare, advised one of his Welsh andiences to laugh in the face of any one who said that the Crimes Bill was not a measure of coercion. We advise people not, if they can avoid it, to laugh in Mr. Gladstone's face when he says that he has never practised obstruction. Mr. John Morley announced that he intends in the recess to go up and down the country telling everybody who will listen to him that Mr. Smith has admitted that the leaders of the Opposition have given wise counsel to the Irish obstructionists. Mr. Morley, if he wishes to be perfectly candid, will add that the leaders of the Opposition neither acted upon their counsel themselves nor intended it to be taken, and that the advice not to obstruct was given when obstruction had done its mischievous work and the Closure impended. After amendments moved by Sir W. Lawson and Mr. Esslemont for setting apart days for the discussion of Local Option and the condition of the agricultural interest had Local Option and the condition of the agricultural interest had been rejected on division, Mr. Smith's motion was carried by 146 votes against 85. The Irish Land Bill was then brought up from the House of Lords, and read a first time. After taking certain votes for the Civil Service Estimates in Committee of certain votes for the Civil Service Estimates in Committee of Supply, the House resumed an interrupted discussion on the India and China Mail contract, which was finally approved. Tuesday was occupied with the case of Miss Cass against the police constable, the police magistrate, and, we are sorry to add, the Home Secretary, who, putting himself in the wrong, contrived to put the Government for the first time this Session into a minority. The motion made by Mr. Atherley-Jones for the adjournment of the House in order to call attention to a definite matter of urgent public importance—namely, the circumstances connected with the public importance—namely, the circumstances connected with the arrest—was carried against the Government by 153 votes to 147. On Wednesday Mr. Smith made an announcement which, if given On wednesday Mr. Smitt made an announcement which, it given earlier in unequivocal terms, would have obviated the discomiture of the evening before, promising full inquiry into the conduct of the police magistrate, Mr. Newton, and of police constable Endacott. The remainder of the sitting was occupied in Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates.

#### CONCERTS AND MATINEES.

THE concert season is drawing, like every other, to its close. It has been in a certain sense a brilliant one, although not distinguished for the introduction of many novelties. Something like between six and seven hundred concerts, public and thing like between six and seven nundred concerts, public and private, have been given during the past four months, sometimes as many as twenty in a single day, and yet, on looking over a batch of programmes, we are surprised to find how identical they all are in character. There seems to be absolutely no originality about them. Scarcely any new music of importance has been given, and even selections from Verdi's Othello have only been produced at two concerts. Surely there must be sufficient ancient music extant to form a programme of interest, and when we look abroad we see that in the course of the year many really important productions have seen the light. We venture to suggest that it would be by no means impolitic for our concert-givers to concentrate their attention upon reviving next year great works—or. trate their attention upon reviving next year great works—or selections from them—of the last two centuries and the beginning of the present, which we know by reputation, but have never heard, the Stabut Mater of Paesiello, I Tre Fanciulli of Guglielmi, the Semiramide of Porpora, the Atillio Regolo of Hasse, the magnificent Didone of Cherubini, for instance, not to mention a score of long-forgotten operas and oratorios by Haydn and Handel, and even by our own Dr. Arne.

Herr Richter, although a German, has given more encouragement to English musical art than the representative musical Society of England, the Philharmonic; and the Richter Concerts this season have been embellished by no less than three symptoms.

ment to English musical art than the representative musical Society of England, the Philharmonic; and the Richter Concerts this season have been embellished by no less than three symphonies by British composers. It is not only in this that the Richter Concerts have completely taken the wind out of the sails of the Philharmonic—a fact due, no doubt, to the talent of Herr Richter and of his manager, Mr. Vert, who, by the way, has taken under his direction the Bach Choir. Among the novelties introduced by Herr Richter have been Symphonies by Cowen, Parry, and Stanford, a very fine one by Bruckner, Dvorák's fine symphonic variations, and Goldmark's Prelude to Merlin. This is a record worthy of the highest praise and we may look elsewhere through a hundred programmes of the season without finding anything to compare with it. On the other hand, the Philharmonic has introduced several pieces quite beneath its usual high level, such, for instance, as Gounod's Concerto for the Piano Pedalier, and some childish variations for the violin by Vieuxtemps. It is true, however, that included among its novelties was the fine Roumanian Suite of Mr. Corder.

The St. George's Hall was crowded on the occasion of the annual Conversazione of the Wagner Society, members and friends gathering in full force to do honour to their hero, and although some admirable artists, such as Pauline Cramer, Lens Little, Theckla Friedlander, Herr Richter, Walter Bache, Carl Armbruster, William Nicholl, and B.H. Grove performed, it must be confessed that the master's solemn themes are not exactly suited as accompaniments to conversation, which, notwithstanding the august nature of the Conversazione, turned on the usual frivolous topics upon which men and women are wont to talk, even if they do belong

to the highest esthetic associations. Excerpts from Wagner's Der Ring des Nibelungen are not precisely exhilarating when executed to the clang of teacups and the tintinnabulation of glass

water-ice plates.
Signor Carlo Ducci gave a concert on Thursday last, and played Signor Carlo Ducci gave a concert on Thursday last, and played several classical works with remarkable brilliance; but he is not heard to advantage in the style of music he selected. His best performance was the "Chant Polonais" of Chopin and the "Rondo Capriccioso" of Mendelssohn. Signor Carpi sang capitally "Non t'amo più," by Tosti, accompanied by the composer. Signor Ducci's new song, "Anno Domini," was sung by Miss Damian, and greatly admired. It is much above the average of such compositions. Miss Marie Decca sang with astonishing volubility the grand aria from L'Etoile du Nord of Meyerbeer with accompaniment of two flutes by Messrs. Radcliff and Barrett. Mile. Gina Oselio was heard to greater advantage in the aria from Jessonda than she was in the evening at Her Majesty's as Margherita in Boîto's Mefistofele. The concert was otherwise remarkable for the number of people who were set down to perform and did not, and for the consequent changes made, which were rather embarrassing.

and did not, and for the consequent changes made, which were rather embarrassing.

This was also the case at Mr. Arthur Wellesley's Matinée at St. James's Hall, when Mme. Lorenzi sang very brightly the Polonaise from Mignon, and Signor Tito Matter played a new waltz, which is destined to become popular, called "Vesuvio." Mr. Wellesley himself recited with a good deal of dramatic effect the "Street Hunt," by G. R. Sims, and the "Road to Heaven," by the same author. Miss Houliston threw much tenderness into her rendering of "The Women of Mumbles Head," by Mr. Clement Scott. Clement Scott.

At Alexandra House, the pupils of the Royal College of Music gave an Orchestral Concert, the programme of which included Schumann's Symphony in B flat, and Cherubini's Overture "Les Abencerrages." Miss Davies, Messrs. Kilby, Sutcliffe, Squire, and Barker took part, and Professor Henry Holmes conducted.

A concert for the benefit of the St. Pelagia's Home for Destitute Girls was given at St. Lengis Hell on Wednesday at which

tute Girls was given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, at which Mme. Albani, Mile. Antoinette Trebelli, and Miss Alice Gomez appeared. Mile. Trebelli, who is to make her debut in opera next season, seems to improve, under the able instruction of her mother, each time she sings, and the same may be said of Miss Alice Gomez, who has a fine voice, and sings in an unaffected and pleasant manner. Mr. Santley, who was in splendid voice, and Miss Kube lent their valuable assistance to render the concert,

Miss Kuhe lent their valuable assistance to render the concert, which was in every way successful, as brilliant as possible.

The Comtesse de Bremont, an American lady, who has a very pleasant voice, gave a concert at Steinway Hall during the week, in which she was assisted by Mr. Isidore de Lara and his choir of ladies, and by Madame Anna Bulkeley Hills, a lady who certainly deserves her popularity both in this country and America as a ballad-singer of great taste and feeling. She possesses a good contralto voice, but it is her admirable method and the exquisite taste with which she sings that render her performances noteworthy. It is impossible to sing ballads and chansonnettes with greater effect and sentiment; and, to her credit, Madame Bulkeley Hills never goes beyond her limits to venture into the realms of high art, although, to be just, there is art, and high art too, in her exquisite rendering of such trifles as "Aunty" and "Little Boy Blue," out of which flimsy materials she contrives to make as much in her way as Mme. Judic does with like trifles in French.

#### THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

A MONG art exhibitions drawn wholly from the treasures of private collections, none are more remarkable than those which the Burlington Fine Arts Club from time to time undertake to set before the delighted amateur and critic. Two years take to set before the delighted amateur and critic. Two years ago it was an extraordinary display of Persian art-work, and now an extremely choice and representative exhibition of Hispano-Moresque and Italian majolica worthily succeeds that memorable occasion. The Committee charged with the present enterprise are warmly to be congratulated on the results of their labours, both as regards the beauty and variety of the material contributed and the excellence of their arrangement. material contributed and the excellence of their arrangement. The show of majolica offers a most instructive and enjoyable opportunity for the study of a fascinating branch of ceramics, as it embraces many exquisite examples of all the more prominent Italian schools, during the prime of the masters of Urbino and Gubbio, Pesaro and Faenza, and illustrates likewise the various phases of decadence in the seventeenth and eighteenth century work of Venice, Naples, Castelli, and other centres of production. The illustrative value of the exhibition to the student can hardly be overestimated, while it is so set forth that its significance may be broadly apprehended even by a rapid survey. At the same time not a few of the pieces arouse the most absorbing interest by their excessive rarity or probable uniqueness. Such an exhibition must necessarily be approached from various standpoints by lovers of art. The view of the collector is governed by different aspects of interest from that of the painter or sculptor. The artist is naturally attracted to the translation of the designs of Mantegna, Raphael, Marc Antonio, and other masters, under conditions and technical limitations that suggest new and interesting problems to the painter. Then, again, the naïveté of the pictorial scheme is a constant source of attraction;

as is also the treatment of landscape, whether it be the frank and bold comprehensiveness of the noble example of Nicolo da Urbino, representing "The Rape of Helen" (233), lent by Mr. Jarvis, or the essentially modern spirit exemplified by certain pieces of Castelli ware (406, 408, &c.) Other sources of allurement may be noted in the exuberance of grotesque ornament, as in the superb design in grisaille, with a ground of dark blue in the dish (140), lent by Her Majesty the Queen; in the wonderful designs on the borders of Mr. Salting's two Faenza plates of Pirota make (192, 196); in the beautiful floral ornament encircling the powerful and Mantegnesque design of Mr. Salting's tazza (140a); and in many other examples that need not be specified. A large number of specimens appeal to the instincts of the historian and man of letters. Others interest the genealogist by an elaborate frameof specimens appeal to the instincts of the historian and man of letters. Others interest the genealogist by an elaborate framework of ornament, replete with symbolical allusion, which enshrines armorial bearings. It were not easy, indeed, to exhaust the diverse channels through which these masterpieces of skill and invention stir the emotions and move admiration. They possess a charm of wider and deeper potency than is perhaps generally conceived by those who regard the passion of the collector as purely esoteric, gratified only by the rarity of a specimen.

In the Hispano-Moresque collection, Mr. F. Du Cane Godman, Mr. Drury Fortnum, and Sir William Drake are among members of the Club who exhibit extensively; and in the other section among the collections largely drawn upon are those of Mr. Salting, Mr.

of the Club who exhibit extensively; and in the other section among the collections largely drawn upon are those of Mr. Salting, Mr. Drury Fortnum, Sir Francis Cook, Sir William Drake, and Mr. Lewis. Jarvis. Many eminent collectors, who are not members, contribute greatly to the success of the exhibition. To indicate a few of the more striking pieces is all that can be attempted in dealing with so large a gathering. In the noble decorative art of Hispano-Moresque, to which one is apt to turn with a sense of relief from the exacting claims of majolicas, two fine specimens of incised design may be noted in the dishes (2, 3) contributed by Mr. Godman and Sir William Drake. Other notable pieces are shown by Mr. Godman (74, 75, 91), by Mr. Jarvis (93), by Mr. Hamilton Bruce (62, 63), to name but a few. All these are painted in gold lustre, and are extremely fine examples in dishby Mr. Godman and Sir William Drake. Other notable pieces are shown by Mr. Godman (74, 75, 91), by Mr. Jarvis (93), by Mr. Hamilton Bruce (62, 63), to name but a few. All these are painted in gold lustre, and are extremely fine examples in dishform, ranging from 17 to 19½ inches in diameter. In majolicathe wares of Urbino, Gubbio, Pesaro, Faenza, Caffaggiolo, and Diruta are represented by the masters Giorgio and Cencio; Nicolo, Fontana, Xanto, and other Urbinese; Lanfranco and Baldasara Manara. Castel Durante is also largely shown, with its outgrowths, as in Mr. Drury Fortnum's very interesting Roman vases (146, 150), with the inscription of one Diomede of Castel Durante. Remarkable specimens of early Gubbio or Pesaro are the dishes (178, 187) of archaic design, and the curious circular dish (177), with its beautiful application of ruby lustre to a floral border, which belong to Mr. Fortnum. From the same collector we have a charming piece of harmonious colour (174), painted in blue on a delicate grey ground, the tone of which is singularly beautiful. This is the earliest specimen of Venetian ware dated, and one of the gems of the exhibition. Among Mr. Salting's contributions must be mentioned the very curious tazza (198), one of the finest examples of Fontana's signed work; the Venetian tazza (190), with a grotesque design in grey relieved against dark blue; a scodella of Gubbio ware (206), with gold and ruby lustres of fine quality; and the highly ornate tazza (216), a brilliant specimen of lustre painting in gold, ruby, and green. Foremost among the larger pieces is Sir Francis Cook's superb cistern by Fontana (230). A very imposing design, and thoroughly typical of the Renaissance, is that of Sir F. Cook's Caffaggiolo dish (229), which seems to set forth an allegory of youth triumphant. In conclusion, we may note the chief examples that reproduce, with more or less modification, the designs of artists of repute. One of the most interesting of these is Mr. Salting's plaque (307), representing the Entombment

#### THE STATE OF THE LONDON THEATRES.

wit out id an the La Ti the one plus operation and the Ti gas at the total and the transition of the t

THE AVENUE, COVENT GARDEN, THE GRAND, ISLINGTON.

CAPTAIN SHAW has more than once said that it is a good deal the custom in this country to preach against what is called "panic legislation," and certain recent events have conclusively proved there is doubtless much to be urged against it. At the same time, as Captain Shaw has pointed out, there is very little chance of any legislation in connexion with the protection of life, unless the public mind has previously been aroused and startled by a catastrophe such as the fire at Nice or the burning of the Opéra Comique at Paris. We are scarcely inclined to dissent from a remark made the other day by Mr. John Hollingshead, to the effect that the public would visit a place of amusement where there was an entertainment that they wished to see, even if they were compelled to reach it through a sewer. There is little doubt that neither distance nor danger will deter the public from patronizing a theatre at which a popular performthe public from patronizing a theatre at which a popular performance is taking place, but we very much question if it has any idea of the risk that attends a visit to the majority of the London theatres. Thus, then, the public must be protected against itself.

And with this view we appeal to the officials at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and, if need be, to the Legislature itself. We have dealt with this subject without any prejudice, and in our former articles we claim to have conclusively proved that the majority of the London theatres are nothing more than fire-traps, and that a visit to them is fraught with the greatest danger. The remedy should be swift and effective, and although we cannot profess to be very sanguine, we can only hope that it will not be long delayed.

Mr. Holyoake, in a letter to a contemporary, has suggested that the public themselves might do much to ensure the safety of places of entertainment by forming an association, and electing from its members a committee of inspection, who should study the question of structural safety and precautions against fire. He recommends that the committee in question should divide the places of amusement among them, and should make frequent inspections at uncertain periods during the performances, and see that the necessary regulations for the protection of the public are faithfully and efficiently carried out. There is unquestionably a good deal in Mr. Holyoake's suggestions; but we doubt if, on the whole, they would prove to be workable. In the first place, it is extremely improbable that the various managers would give the necessary facilities. Mr. Holyoake says that, if any of them refused to do so, the press could be informed of the refusal, and the public would then know what theatres to avoid. In our judgment, the managers would care little for such exposure, and the public still less. If only there is a really successful entertainment at a place of amusement, the public will flock to it, no matter what dangers they may possibly have to encounter. Mr. Holyoake says, "There can be little doubt that there are many gentlemen of means, evening leisure, and perhaps some professional qualification, who would be willing to undertake occasional duties of such public usefulness." All this is very probable; but we doubt if such efforts would meet with any satisfactory result. As we have before stated, the public must be protected against itself, for of self-protection in such matters it is absolutely incapable.

In Paris a terrible state of affairs has recently been exposed by M. Albert Wolff. He says:—"Nous allions tous dans ces théatres, et chacun se faisait cet aveu que personne ne sortirait vivant de la salle en cas de sinistre. Des couloirs où deux personnes ne peuvent pas marcher de front, encombrés de fonctionnaires qui tiennent le vestiaire, ou de marchands de lorgnettes, aboutissent à d'étroite escaliers, nous donnaient la certitude qu'en cas de panique sur cinquante spectateurs, pas un n'atteindrait la porte de la sortie sur la rue; des fauteuils à ce point serrés les uns contre les autres qu'on ne peut gagner sa place qu'en trébuchant sur des pétits banes, et qu'il est impossible de s'y maintenir autrement qu'en serrant les coudes contre le corps et de se tenir dans cette attitude génante comme un momie d'Egypte. Tel était dans son ensemble l'idéal d'un des théatres parisiens qu'on n'aurait toléré dans aucune autre capitale." The Parisians, however, are a little difficult to scare. For the most part they view the present state of things with entire equanimity. And we are afraid that our own public are equally apathetic. Nevertheless, it is quite certain that M. Albert Wolff's description of the Paris theatres in most cases applies to those in London, and it behoves every Londoner to assist, by every means in his power, to remedy a state of things at once disgraceful and appalling.

When the Avenue Theatre was built by Mr. Sefton Parry, it was perhaps with a second intention of making the ground, which it was supposed the railway would require, more valuable. In other words, the building may have been erected as much with the idea of being pulled down again as with any view of adding another place of entertainment to London. During the fire scare the management of the Avenue, like many other managers in London, advertised that it was "the safest theatre in London." This was not saying much, but it certainly was saying more than was strictly accurate. As a matter of fact, the Avenue is one of the very worst of our theatrical fire-traps. In the first place, the smoking of cigarettes behind the scenes is, if not openly allowed, at any rate winked at. We cannot think that cigarette-smoking and inflammable canvas go well together, more especially when the exits are so few. There is only one exit, and that a very small one, to the stalls. The dress-circle stairs have to "contrive a double debt to pay," and act as the only means of exit for the upper boxes. The dress-circle itself has nominally two exits, but on the occasion of our visit the door on the Prompt side, which leads on to the gallery stairs, was bolted. There is only one exit to the pit, and this also applies to the gallery, which is reached by climbing up some fifty-six steep stairs. We may also add that there is not a single oil lamp to be seen anywhere, so the Avenue can hardly rank, apart from cigar and cigarette smoking, as "the safest theatre in London." Pas de fumée sans few would perhaps be a more suitable inscription than "the safest theatre in London."

With any ordinary care, a few oil lamps and a few sentries at the doors, the occupants of the better parts of Covent Garden might safely claim to be to all intents and purposes perfectly safe during a dramatic performance of any kind, for there are plenty of staircases by which to escape. But what is the use of staircases if most of the doors are locked, as they were locked on the night of our visit? As regards the front, Covent Garden is, as we have said, almost perfect in the matter of construction. It is not so, however, with the parts of the theatre reached by the

entrance in Hart Street, which have only one staircase each. When we recollect the size of the house, we cannot fail to recognize a very serious danger. This is bad enough, but it is by no means the worst feature in the theatre. As every one knows, covent Garden has only been open of late years for a few weeks for dramatic performances. It is generally used for promenade concerts, and during these concerts the only portion of the house that is absolutely safe is entirely transformed. The ground-floor is raised to the level of the stage, which completely blocks up all but one narrow passige, across which a stout barrier is placed during the whole evening. When we remember the class of persons that frequent the promenade in thousands, and do not forget that lighted matches, cigars, and cigarettes are freely thrown about among light muslin dresses, it seems almost a miracle that a fire does not occur every night. The huge auditorium is so packed with people that it is often almost impossible to move. There is no possibility of doubt that, if a fire were to take place (and it is wonderful that a fire has not broken out before) thousands of men and women would be burned alive. It is a common sight on any "popular" evening to see the one narrow passage so packed by those coming in and those going out that the block seems equal in many respects to a football scrimunage. On no possible account should Covent Garden be licensed for promenade concerts till very material alterations have been made. Our words are strong, but sooner or later, unless they are acted on, the greatest holocaust ever known will take place in our very midst.

It may seem somewhat singular that after careful investigation we have to admit that the first of the outlying theatres which has come under our notice is, without any doubt, better provided with means of escape in case of fire than any one of the West End or central theatres. This applies to the Grand Theatre, Islington, and it is only fair to say that it would be almost impossible for any one to be injured either by fire or panic in this theatre. Indeed, it would be hard to devise any improvement in its construction. There are good wide entrances on both sides of the stalls, three exits to the pit, a separate entrance for three rows of dress circle, two exits to the balcony, two exits to the small amphitheatre, and two exits to the gallery. Further than this, each and every exit is easily opened, being only closed by a wonderfully simple bolt which we have never seen before, and which we commend to the attention of the Lord Chamberlain and the Board of Works. We make this commendation because, no matter what managers may promise or wish, it is utterly impossible for them to keep all the doors of a theatre open during the winter. It is all very well to do so in the present hot weather; but, if such a course were adopted in the season of snows and winds, it would empty a house quicker than any amount of heat, and probably kill as many people as any fire or panic would do. The bolts at the Grand, however, will meet all requirements and should be insisted on everywhere. And now that we have given the Grand all the praise that it deserves, we must say that it is somewhat singular and highly reprehensible that the management should not light the oil lamps which are everywhere displayed. It seems almost useless to keep on complaining with reference to the barriers on the gallery stairs. We found these obstructions long after the first "rush" was over. If Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Freeman will only see to their oil lamps and their barriers, they may with truth advertise that their theatre is one of the safest in London.

#### REVIEWS.

#### MEMOIRS OF FRIEDRICH FERDINAND VON BEUST.

PARON HENRY DE WORMS, M.P., gives his well-known-friend an introduction to the English reader which may not prove so strong a recommendation as he expects. In the midst of an agreeable sketch of Count Beust's personal appearance and habits he credits him with the invention of "Tory Democracy." The phrase has been found ambiguous even by persons not exceptionally incapable of getting at the meaning of words. Some there are who hold that a Tory Democrat is a politician who proposes to get into office and keep there by doing the work of the Radicals while continuing to call himself a Tory. If this definition is accurate, and there is at least as much to say for it as for any other, then we must decline to accept the Baron's recommendation of the Count as entitling him to any considerable share of our confidence. The Tory we know and honour. The Radical we know and understand. When he has brains (which happens sometimes), is honest (the thing has been seen), and is not a rebellious flunkey (this, also, is within experience) then we can regard him with a certain respect. But as for the person who tries to be both, we may understand him, but then for that very reason we decline to regard him either with honour or respect. The consistent Tory and the consistent Democrat alike reject him. Moreover, there are reasons for doubting whether Tory Democracy was indeed born at Vienna in 1867. Mr. Facing-both-ways is older than that, and has, in fact, existed ever since men took to trying

Memoirs of Friedrich Ferdinand von Beust. Written by Himself.
 With Introduction by Baron Henry de Worms, M.P. London: Kemington & Co., 1887.

Pic at he in ti

a a T

pris wait un or of T

of C. ap ex ar ex de w be in se te T.

Chassis was desired as a mood of the sum of

whether they could not combine the fear of God with the worship of the Devil. Baron de Worms is doubtless well aware of the absurdity of applying an English political nickname to a statesman who worked under entirely different circumstances, and uses it only for the purposes of indicating Count Beust's general attitude and methods. The memoirs themselves must be read to show how far he is accurate in his use of terms. The introduction, as a whole, shows that Count Beust deserved his social reputation. Baron de Worms found him accessible, copious in talk, kindly to such as showed him admiration, and endowed with a pretty faculty for making French puns of the more obvious kind; as, for instance, on the words "shah" and "chat." "Qu'est-ce qu'on peut attendre d'un Shah [chat] qu'un griffonnage?" he said, on seeing the signature of the Persian monarch, and the best society was convulsed.

monarch, and the best society was convulsed.

The life of Count Beust began under genial circumstances. His father, delighted at his appearance, gave his nurse a dozen of fine old Rhenish for her private consumption. The woman, a benighted Wend, turned it into a bath, and tubbed the young baron in liquor which had been bottled in the year when the Turk retired from the walls of Vienna before Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine. If the grandfather of Henri IV. was right in his opinions, Beust should have turned out both merry and wise. As a matter of fact, he had a cheerful disposition and a pleasing belief in himself. At no time does he seem to have been disturbed by those agonies of doubt which have visited Prince Bismarck. He was preserved from such sufferings by the charm given him at his birth. There was always in his mind a neat little plan for putting the world straight. When the world declined to run into his mould, which was generally the case, Count Beust puffed the prostitute away, and, wrapping himself in his virtue, employed his leisure elegantly in writing verses to pretty ladies. Many of these he quotes with complacency. Here is one he wrote in Lady Granville's visitors' book at Walmer:—

Alors qu'un grand et noble lord Commande en roi dans les Cinq Ports, On voit pourquoi la noble châtelaine A pour elle-même un port de reine.

"Oh! oh! Celui-là ne s'attend point du tout." Count Beust had his full share of the well-known German humour, otherwise he had not cared to figure before the world as a species of Metternich-Trissotin. He was destined to the public service from his cradle. His family was of considerable antiquity. Four gentlemen of the house had been slain at Mühldorf in 1322, fighting for Rudolf of Hapsburg. A Beust distinguished himself under Montecuculi; another served in the raising of the siege of Vienna in 1683, the year in which his descendant's bath was bottled. In later times his ancestors served several German princes, and one was a Danish Minister. He himself began under his immediate sovereign, the King of Saxony. The earliest recollections of his life were connected with the great battle of Leipzig. He heard the sound of Prince Schwarzenberg's cannon, and saw the house cleared of provisions by a Russian foraging party. After some years of diplomatic service he became Minister in 1848, and continued in office till after the battle of Sadowa in 1866. This part of his career is naturally the least interesting; and, as it is told in his Memoirs, stands in need of more notes and elucidations than Baron de Worms has given it. Count Beust takes it for granted that his readers know all about the internal politics of Germany in those years; and, though that may be the case with his countrymen, it is not true of foreigners. It has also been said, perhaps maliciously, that Count Beust wrote these Memoirs as an answer to his biography written by Dr. Ebeling, who, after praising him too much in the first volume, ended by not praising him enough in the second. His own narrative is certainly marked by blanks which want filling up to make the story thoroughly intelligible. The world at large knew Count Beust best during those years as the contriver of a scheme for leaguing the minor States of Germany into a confederation which should be independent both of Austria and Prussia and hold the balance between them. He himself is certai

member that the Prince has a reprehensible habit of mystifying people. Count Beust declares that his supposed rivalry with Bismarck is a "fable convenue"; but it is clear that he has been on one side and the Prince on the other for many years. They never had a personal quarrel; but then they did not meet very

The greatest event in Count Beust's life was undoubtedly his nomination as Minister in Austria after the battle of Sadowa. It was a triumph for him that his necessary retirement from Saxony should have been followed by such magnificent promotion, and his success in his new and great position is undoubtedly to his honour. That his work in Austria, which was really mainly diplomatic, was done adroitly is undeniable, but whether his policy was wise and will in the long run serve the interests of Austria is perhaps another question. The Austrian Constitution is so complex that it is a wonder it works at all, even under the judicious perhaps another question. The Austrian Constitution is so complex that it is a wonder it works at all, even under the judicious control of the Emperor. Whether it will work at all in less firm hands is at best very doubtful. For this, however, it is possible that Count Beust is not to blame. He may have done the best that was to be done with a very bad business, and the compromise he arranged between the various parts of the Empire may have been the only alternative to disruption. Perhaps it is this surrender to inevitable evil which Baron de Worms calls Tory Democracy, though, from the wording of his paragraph, he would seem to apply the phrase only to Count Beust's readiness to compose a Ministry of men who were not nobles. Is readiness to work thus habitual in the Tory Democrat politician? Count Beust's account of his fall from power needs extending and completing by independent witnesses. For himself he accounts for it simply by human ingratitude; and there is a really touching melancholy in his complaint that he was soon forgotten in the by human ingratitude; and there is a really touching melancholy in his complaint that he was soon forgotten in the country he had loyally served to the best of his ability. On the whole, this part of his memoirs strengthens the impression that he was sacrificed, at least to some extent, to the hostility of Germany. Among Austrian politicians he does not seem to have been popular. He had a habit, not of domineering, but of interfering, and his colleagues were glad to get rid of him. After the war of 1870-71 it was absolutely necessary for Austria to come to terms with Germany, and Beust, with his well-known past, was an obstacle to thoroughly friendly relations. The Count himself denies that he encouraged France to expect the support of Austria, and quotes a despatch to his own Ambassador in Paris as a proof of the truth of what he says. Unfortunately this despatch was not communicated to the French Government at the time, and in any case came too late. During the previous negotiations was not communicated to the French Government at the time, and in any case came too late. During the previous negotiations Count Beust's attitude may be fairly described in the stock quotation as willing to wound and yet afraid to strike. He had a plan as usual for regulating everything and checkmating Prussia; but, as usual again, it left the character of Napoleon III. and the nature of the French Government out of the account. It is obvious that he had used vague language which gave the French a general impression that Austria would help them. As it did not, and nossibly could not Count Bout gained a restrained as containing at the latest and the strike the str general impression that Austria would help them. As it did not, and possibly could not, Count Beust gained a reputation for double dealing which he did not wholly deserve. It was the inevitable result of his somewhat fatile cleverness, and obstinate deterresult of his somewhat futile cleverness, and obstinate determination to look at the facts of the case only through the medium of his own plans. The last years of his public service were spent in the Embassies at London and Paris in what was, in fact, a dignified retirement. Count Beust passes very rapidly over this last stage of his career. He was too much a diplomatist of the scrupulous old type to make capital out of the knowledge he had acquired in the discharge of his duty, and he confines himself to speaking about what he did as chairman of charitable societies and to his general enjoyment of English life. To ourselves Count Beust was uniformly laudatory. It would be immodest to say that it was to his honour, and a little too humble to say it was to our own. Doubtless, the admiration and good-will are creditable to both parties. to both parties.

#### THREE NOVELS.

IT is hopeless to protest against novels with a purpose. But I perhaps it may not be thought hypercritical if we suggest that the purpose might be something rather more romantic than to discredit a particular form of medical treatment. The merits and defects of massage may be very proper subjects for scientific discussion, but they are scarcely suited to the pages of fiction. Moreover, the object of The Massage Case, such as it is, certainly fails. For the heroine was mismanaged, and Dr. Weir Mitchell's system was admittedly not understood, or not followed by her physician. The book, therefore, like Paradise Lost, "proves nothing," and yet has not the compensating virtue of that inconclusive epic. Apart from rubbing, "Homes," symptoms erroneously supposed to be hysterical, and the claims of rival doctors and nurses, The Massage Case is a love story of the ordinary kind. The fall of Khartoum is, indeed, thrown in as a picturesque adjunct, and it would be interesting, though expensive, to have a

<sup>\*</sup> The Mussage Case. By Cyril Bennett, London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

Miss Jacobsen's Chance: a Story of Australian Life. By Mrs. Campbell Praced, Author of "Australian Life," "Policy and Passion," &c. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1837.

Little Novels. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1887.

37.

ying with They very y his owa. from tion inly licy ia is

omious firm that he der acy, to e a vork ist's ply the On lity t of fter wn t of tch ons l a and ha ble erum ent , a ad to

int

ut

fic ly

11

Parliamentary return of the ladies and gentlemen who have made a little cheap capital out of the death of Gordon. Casar was defined the other day as a great general who wrote a book for beginners in Latin. Perhaps Gordon may at some fature date be described as a Christian hero who supplied dult tales with interpolated chapters. Miss Elfrida Campbell had the misfortune to lose her mother in the third chapter, and was adopted by her cannt. The aunt, to speak colloquially, made things hot for her, her female cousins made fun of her, her male cousin fell in love with her, and kissed her, as she puts it, "dozens of times." They became engaged, but whether they were ultimately married or not, it would perhaps be wrong to disclose. Miss Campbell's first lover's sister married a clerk in a Government office, where the hours were very short. So "out of hours he and one of his brothers sing in the streets. They get heaps of money—much more than they would in any profession, Ned says—and no one has found them out vet." It is interesting to know, on the authority of "Cyril Bennett," who vainly seeks to disguise her sex, that in relieving a street singer one may be assisting a member of the Civil Service unawares. The story of The Massage Case is perhaps a little overshadowed by the two doctors, one of them hard and cold, the other possessing the precious gift of sympathy, and so forth. They are relieved by the occasional appearances of a cleryman, at once obscure and famous, scientific and phrenological, whose views are, as the late Ivan Turguénief said to the present Master of Balliol, "wisky washy, namby panby, broad clurch." Mrs. Crawhay, the aunt, is a spirited, if rather coarse, sketch, apparently suggested by the very superior "Aunt Jane" of that exceedingly clever book, My Trivial Life and Misfortume. There study common life, and avoid medical details as she would the devil. "Now the supplied to literature as well as to conversation. Doyle's immortal sketch of Robinson writing to the Times does not represent the pro

rather morally than intellectually fastidious in their choice of books that Miss Jacobsen's Chance is not technically improper. Many pages are devoted to various phases and illustrations of Mr. Jacobsen's drunkenness, which we must confess to having read with a strong sense of weariness and disgust. But his excesses are confined to the bottle, and Mrs. Praed has, on this occasion at all events, accorded a respite to the Seventh Commandment. Miss Jacobsen had three, if not more, chances. She might certainly have married the Governor, or his private secretary, or an English doctor. The Governor was dull and ill-tempered, but charmed colonial ladies by vague suggestions of cultured wickedness. The private recretary was a prig, who once condescended to lay the table-cloth at Government House, and did it very badly. On another occasion Mr. Arnold Chepstowe wore "a smile of suppressed amusement." In real life people who desire to suppress their amusement find it desirable not to smile. The taste and refinement of the doctor may be estimated by a single speech which he addressed to Miss Jacobsen:—"You have put a reserve price on yourself? I'm certain of that. And money isn't in it with you. I'm sure of that, too. What is your reserve price? Tell me. Is it love?" Miss Jacobsen had the chance of boxing his ears at this point. Unhappily she did not avail herself of it. The story, if story it can be called, ends with such extreme and

inexplicable abruptness that one finds there is no third volume with relieved surprise. Perhaps it was not rescued in time from the hand of the housemaid. We need only add that the book is a choice repertory of Australian slang, that the Prime Minister gets drunk at the Governor's table, and that the liquor he does it in is "Pomméry Greno."

It is impossible that anything written by Mr. Wilkie Collins should be wholly unreadable or altogether bad. But only the most ardent disciples of this popular master will have patience to go through the three volumes before us. In one of these stories Mr. Collins, who has a supreme contempt for every form of public life, predicts that the end of all things will find the last Englishman delivering the last speech. He presumably means the last American; but let that pass. We trust that the time is far distant when Mr. Wilkie Collins will have written his last sensational narrative, if only because the moment is likely to be identical with that of delivering the last speech. He presumably means the last American; but let that pass. We trust that the time is far distant when Mr. Wilkie Collins will have written his last sensational narrative, if only because the moment is likely to be identical with that of Mr. Wilkie Collins's much-to-be-deprecated demise. Few, indeed, have been the novelists so fertile in imagination that they could afford to throw away, at the rate of four or five a volume, plots which a little judicious management might have expanded into three volumes apiece. For this lordly recklessness on Mr. Collins's part some will be grateful, while others may be disappointed. The critic is compelled to remark that the results are what the young lady called the University Extension Lecturer, "distressingly crude." It is possible that from the materials of Little Novels a book or books might be made. It is certain that the process has not been performed by Mr. Collins. Many people may prefer these unfinished sketches by a performer of note to the artistically complete products of an inferior hand, just as Beau Brummel's failures would have contrasted favourably with the orthodox choker of a country parson. Mr. Collins, as Thackeray says of himself in one of his recently published letters, makes arrows from all wood; and, if he can dispose of even his sawdust at a premium, so much the better for him. But we would remind him that the supernatural does not peel well, and that such a grotesque fragment as "Mrs. Zant and the Ghost" can only excite laughter. "Miss Jéromette and the Clergyman," on the other hand, has, as the Cockney said of the lottery, "a do at the bottom of it." It professes to prove that the verdict of a jury at a trial for murder was wrong, but it only shows that the elergyman in question was a gentleman of very nervous and superstitious temperament. There are fastidious readers who will prefer even second-rate ghost stories to the account of the girl who married her uncle's groom. She behaved better than Mr. Shandy's Aunt Dinah, no

#### LAW BOOKS.\*

WISE men approach "Legal Handbooks" with rooted distrust. The roots thereof extend deeply into the nature of things. In the first place, a great many have been published, under all sorts of titles and in all sorts of shapes and sizes. They have all been bad, though probably a careful investigation would reveal the fact that some have been worse than others. Of course this is not, according to the doctrine of probabilities, a reason for assuming that any specific new one will be bad.

\* Deacon's Legal Handbook and Complete Manual of Practical Law Forms. By Morgan Lloyd, Q.C. The Law Forms by Matthew Henry Jones, Solicitor of the Supreme Court. London: Deacon & Co. 1837.

The English Land Lows. By Samuel Moss, M.A., B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1837.

The Practice relating to Witnesses. By Walter Sichel, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1837.

The Elements of Canon Law. By Oswald J. Reichel, B.C.L., M.A., Vicar of Sparsholt-cum-Kingston Lisle, and sometime Vice-Principal of Cuddesden College, Oxford. London: Bosworth & Co. 1837.

A Treatise on the Statute of Elizabeth against Fraudulest Conveyances, the Bills of Sale Acts, and the Law of Voluntary Dispositions of Property. By the late H. W. May, B.A. Second edition. By S. W. Worthington, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1837.

The Principles of Equity. Intended for the Use of Students and the Profession. By Edmund H. T. Snell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law. Eighth edition. By Archibald Brown, M.A., of the Middle Temple, Sarrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1387.

The Complete Annual Digest of every Reported Case in all the Courts for the year 1886. Edited by Alfred Emden, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Practice in Winding-up Companies," &c. Compiled by Herbert Thompson, M.A., LL.M., of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: William Clowes & Sons, 1887.

A Digest of the International Law of the United States. Edited by Francis Wharton, LL.D. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Nevertheless, human nature is prone to make the deduction. In the second place, which is more important, they are all attempts to state the commonplace parts of the law of England in a short compass, and in such a way as to be easily understood by people who have not made a special study of it. But the commonplace part of the law of England is (and would be of no use if it were not) a body of excessively numerous and complicated rules, adapted to deal with an excessively numerous and diverse set of possible arrangements of circumstances. Therefore what legal handbooks are intended to do is of necessity impossible. For these two reasons, then, wise men assume that any given legal handbook will be bad, and their assumption is invariably correct. Therefore, also, in pronouncing Mr. Deacon's Handbook to be bad, we are only saying that Mr. Deacon has not, nor have Mr. Morgan Therefore, also, in pronouncing Mr. Deacon's Handbook to be bad, we are only saying that Mr. Deacon has not, nor have Mr. Morgan Lloyd and Mr. Jones on his behalf, performed a miracle. Of Mr. Morgan Lloyd's share in the hopeless enterprise it is almost enough to remark that he purports to state the English law upon sixteen topics—of which "Buyer and Seller," "County Courts," "Bills of Exchange," and "Wills" are four average specimens—in fifty-eight small pages of large print. Writing under such conditions, the wonder is less that he should use such expressions as "judgment" and "recognizance" without explaining what they mean than that he should get them in at all. But neither these nor any circumstances excuse his saying that "there is an exception in favour of soldiers and seamen" to the rule that no one less than twenty-one years old can make a will. One would have expected a Queen's Counsel to be able to write fifty-eight small pages about promiscuous legal topics without making a mistake; but we must take things as we find them. Mr. Jones's forms for use in many simple crises are rather good as far as they go. But he has in one instance given way to the desire of being funny, which should be sternly repressed by the writers of law-books. All his forms of bills of exchange are drawn by Charles James Fox in favour of Edmund Burke, and accepted by William Pitt. When it comes to the form of notice of dishonour this is unseemly (and, as regards Fox, indelicate).

Fox, indelicate).

As they who write law-books should not be funny, so they should not be rhetorical, for rhetoric is a sort of fun, and not a good sort. It is also the weakness of Mr. Moss, and it is a pity, for it goes far to deprive of any value what appears to those who have the patience to sift out the chaff to be a thoughtful, if misguided, contribution to the discussion of the so-called "land-laws."

They are so called for the most part by people who could not for They are so called for the most part by people who could not for their lives tell you what they are, and Mr. Moss's peculiarity is, that he knows to a certain extent what the laws are to which he objects and why he objects to them. Yet he thunders away about primogeniture and entail, and relics of feudalism, and the rest of it, as if he were—as for anything we know he may have been—a Radical primogeniture and entail, and relics of feudalism, and the rest of it, as if he were—as for anything we know he may have been—a Radical candidate on the stump in an agricultural constituency. When his declamatory passages have been discarded as surplusage, it appears to be his opinion that the law of succession to real estate ought to be assimilated to that regulating the descent of personality, that the existing power of settling land ought to be limited more strictly than at present, that tacking of mortgages should be abolished, that a compulsory register of titles and charges should be established, that copyholds should be enfranchised, and that tenants of long leases—the exact length is not specified—should have a right to buy the freehold. It will be seen that some of his advice is good, some bad, and some questionable, but it would all be the better for being printed without the vituperation, which should be left in the columns of the newspapers to which Mr. Moss originally contributed the substance of his volume. There, no doubt, it was appreciated a great deal more than the argument.

Mr. Sichel's account of the law relating to witnesses consists partly of the substantive law of evidence, and partly of parts of the general law of procedure which are little known and of comparatively little importance to the general public. The former portion is treated of in the first chapter, which is entitled "The Competency of Witnesses," and the latter consists of the various rules about the method of compelling the attendance of witnesses and tables their windows before at or for the virial wind tables. rules about the method of compelling the attendance of witnesses and taking their evidence before, at, or after the trial, and the law relating to their costs. Witnesses before arbitrators and before coroners are also discoursed of. There is not much original matter in the book, but it is carefully done in respect of references, and, speaking generally, there is no fault to be found with the execution. As to the design, the question whether it was worth while to disinter and collate the facts enumerated from their various resting-places in works on evidence and on practice is one to which only time and experiment can furnish an answer.

The Rev. Mr. Reichel's account of the Canon Law is in form a direct, and consequently contains a good deal of matter, for the

The Rev. Mr. Reichel's account of the Canon Law is in form a digest, and consequently contains a good deal of matter, for the Canon Law is a tolerably wide subject. The statements of law are supported by foot-notes, testifying to the author's industry and to his familiarity with theological literature. Mr. Reichel suggests in his preface that his work deserves general study, because it discloses a system of law in which justice is blended with mercy in a manner which merely human codes cannot hope to imitate. However plausible the suggestion may be, it can hardly be contended that the provisions of the Canon Law are, in fact, of substantial importance to laymen. Ecclesiastical prosecutions are practically extinct, and English lawyers, at any rate, are not likely to admit that the experience of ecclesiastical Courts as to "how truth may be elicited from observed facts" is to be preferred to that of the civil Courts. Nevertheless, the subject is one of great historical interest, to say the least, and Mr. Reichel

deserves credit for his laborious execution of a somewhat thankles

A second edition is published, after a rather long interval, of the late Mr. May's treatise on the law of fraudulent and voluntary dispositions of property. Both the Bills of Sale Acts and the Married Women's Property Act have largely modified the law on Married Women's Property Act have largely modified the law on these subjects, and there have been several recent decisions on

these subjects, and there have been several recent decisions on the Statutes of Elizabeth against voluntary conveyances, respectable though their antiquity is getting to be. The result is a bulky volume in which the elaborate rules on the subjects treated of are set forth with a fulness and deliberation perhaps commoner twenty years ago than now. The principal statutes treated of are given in full in an appendix. Mr. Worthington's work appears to have been conscientious and exhaustive.

A new edition, the eighth, is likewise issued of Snell's Equity. Like its predecessor, it is the work of Mr. Archibald Brown. The part of the work called the "Practice of Equity," which has appeared in some of the preceding editions, is now omitted, and as this is now unquestionably the standard book on equity for students, it is probable that Mr. Brown has been well advised in this particular. He boasts that he has made up for it by adding to the chapters on the Administration of Assets, Mortgages, Specific Performance, Injunction, and Partition. Outsiders may doubt whether these amplifications were necessary for those about to pass—or not to amplifications were necessary for those about to pass—or not to pass—legal examinations, by whom almost exclusively the book is used, but probably Mr. Brown knows his own business best, and if law students like to have their full number of pages, by all means

Mr. Emden pours solid works from the press with a fecundity with which the reviewer can hardly keep pace. The one before us bears his name as editor, the "compiler" being Mr. Herbert Thompson. Between them they have made a digest after the manner of Fisher's, for last year only. They remind us that, notwithstanding the alleged triumph of the Law Reports, lawyers are still burdened with the existence of the Reports of the Law Journal, the Law Times, the Weekly Reporter, Cox, Cababé and Ellis, Aspinall, O'Malley and Hardcastle, Coltman, Neville and Macnamara, the Justice of the Peace, and the detestable Weekly Notes. There is a great deal too much reporting. If it were not for the Court of Appeal making hay of the older cases so as to make it impossible for any one to feel much respect for the later ones, it would be impossible for anybody to give a confident opinion about anything. The worst of such a publi-Mr. Emden pours solid works from the press with a fecundity for the later ones, it would be impossible for anybody to give a confident opinion about anything. The worst of such a publication as Messrs, Emden and Thompson's is that this year a number of the cases they report will be reversed and a number more "explained" or "distinguished"; so that, if you once buy more "explained" or "distinguished"; so that, if you once buy their Digest, you have to buy the next too, and then the quin-quennial one, "1886-1890 inclusive," and so on. If reporters are not more temperate, there will be some danger of judges refusing to listen to authority, and resorting in despair to natural justice,

which is anarchy.
What is "American International Law"? It sounds like a contradiction in terms; but Dr. Wharton has published what he calls a Digest of it. It is in three large volumes, and is no more a digest than it is an election squib. It is described on the title-page as "taken from documents issued by Presidents and Secretaries of State, from decisions of Federal Courts and opinions of Attorneys-General." In other words, it treats, at enormous length and in the as "taken from documents issued by Presidents and Secretaries of State, from decisions of Federal Courts and opinions of Attorneys-General." In other words, it treats, at enormous length and in the most rambling manner, of every subject which ever has been or could be improperly called international law. Opening it at random, we find under the head of Intervention the text of one of General Grant's messages to Congress, bewailing in suitably grandiloquent language the importation into the United States of Chinese women for immoral purposes. A little further on are many pages of disquisitions about Mr. Buchanan's coat, and the squabbles of Ministers' wives at Washington. Letters of the most trivial character are quoted at length, and when in the two concluding volumes we get to blockade, contraband of war, and similar topics of international dispute, they are all treated of as if international law was the only subject available for educated persons to read about. If a man were shut up in a dungeon with no book except Dr. Wharton's Digest, and kept there until he had read it all, he would come out much wiser and very considerably older than he went in. older than he went in.

#### EGYPT.

THE past ten years have been very prolific in histories of ancient Egypt. The English occupation has stirred up the interest which our fathers of the beginning of the century were the first among European nations to show in that land of miracles; but it is curious that among all these books—apart, of course, from the books of the faddists, which are even more numerous—not one gives us even the briefest account of the succession of events between the Arab conquest and the abortive descent upon the valley of the Nile which cost Bonaparte an army. Canon Rawlinson, in his great work, of which the first edition was published in 1881, only brings his narrative down to the time of Cambyses, and this smaller work ends with Nectanebo—the Nekht-en-Neb-ef of the few monuments which bear his name. We have no later account of the Ptolemies than that of Sharpe, now some twenty years old; and of the Arabs none at all, except

Su o Cut to ml pide

The Story of the Nations-Egypt. By Canon Rawlinson. Le T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

887.

ry dislaw on

spect-bulky ted of moner of are

Like te part peared this is s, it is icular. ters on nance, not to and if neans

ndity before erbert er the

not-wvers f the

Cox, tman, etest-g. If older

espect give a publi-ear a amber

buy quin e are

ike a at he

page es of neys-n the

n or

the

and as if ated with had

the vere les;

the

incidentally in books on the Saracens, or in the preliminary chapters of Murray and Baceleker. Dr. Brugsch, Mr. Poole, Mr. S. Lane Poole, Sir E. Wilson, and Mr. Wallis Badge have all favoured us with histories, more or less complete, of ancient Egypt, the Egypt of the Pharaohs; and when Canon Rawlinson comes forward, in addition to all these and to his own greater work, with another book on the well-worn subject, we expect something new, something fresh, some original research, some novel system of treatment, and again we are disappointed. The well-worn, but erroneous, method is pursued once more. The ancient Egyptians had the same manners, religion, laws, language, and art for a period which may be variously reckoned at from five thousand to three thousand years—a manifest impossibility; and Mr. Rawlinson, as in his other history, begins with these institutions, as if either they were all unalterable or the people among whom they prevailed lived all about the same time, leaving the narrative for the second part of his book.

Putting aside this evidently false and upside down way of looking at the history of any nation which has existed for more than a generation or two, we may proceed to see what the learned author has to tell us that may seem worthy of new and separate treatment. The first chapter describes "The Land of Egypt," and the second "The People of Egypt." With the first of these, geographically, we have no fault to find. Historically we miss a distinct reference to the changes which the geology has undergone within the limits of chronological calculation, and especially the evidences to be derived from the breaking down of the cataracts and the alterations in the course of the Nile. It is the same with the second chapter. That the Egyptian civilization should burst forth complete from the obscurity of ages, that it should show itself in its earliest productions as finished as if a long line and succession of previous examples could be traced, seems to surprise the author so much, to dazzle his eyes

made the very name of Pyramids a weariness and a scorn:—

Theorists have delighted to indulge in speculations as to the objects which the builders had in view when they raised such magnificent constructions. One holds that the great pyramid, at any rate, was built to embody cosmic discoveries as the exact length of the earth's diameter and circumference, the length of an arc of the meridian, and the true unit of measure. Another believes the great work of Khufu to have been an observatory, and the ventilating passages to have been designed for "telescopes," through which observations were to be made upon the sun and stars; but it has not yet been shown that there is any valid foundation for these fancies, which have been spun with much art out of the delicate fabric of their propounders' brains. The one hard fact which rests upon abundant evidence is this—the pyramids were built for tombs, to contain the mummies of deceased Egyptians.

Egyptians.

This is nearly as emphatic as Lord Grimthorpe's famous judgment:—"The idea that a building was designed to perpetuate a measure which it exhibits absolutely nowhere . . . savours more of Zadkiel's Prophetic Almanac than of real astronomy or mathematics." Canon Rawlinson does not mention the pyramids of Dashoor, one of which tells us more of the principles of pyramid construction than any at Geezeh, and another is the third in point of size, coming next after the pyramid of Chafra. By the way, Canon Rawlinson does not anywhere account for his spelling of these names—"Ghizeh, Khufu, Shafra." The later chapters of the volume give us the results of some of the latest discoveries, and, taken altogether, the book, without containing anything very novel, must be recommended—always providing that there is room for another popular history of the Pharaohs and their people.

#### ROSSETTL.

ROSSETTI.

L'VEN the contemners of what are called "little books," contemners of whom it has been wickedly said that there are three classes—those who could not write them; those who would like to write them, and have not been asked; and those who, having written them, think it stately to affect disdain of them—may admit that the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti was a very good subject for a little book. His literary production (which is almost exclusively dealt with here), though remarkable, was not large; his life was extremely uneventful; even his art as a painter, however highly it may be prized by those who do prize it, is not extensive in range or varied in appeal; and, lastly, the terrible temptation to gush which has been experienced and succumbed to by most of those who have written about him is much more likely to prevail in a large book than in a small one. Mr. Joseph Knight, to do him justice, was not very likely to be vanquished by this last; but even he must have felt it a comfort to be preserved by, as it were, the strait stays of a treatise in a hundred and eighty pages from even the possibility of indulgence.

The result of his work is, on the whole, very satisfactory. Rossetti's interesting but, as has been said, rather uneventful life has been told with great simplicity and good taste; Mr. Knight's handling of the crucial points of the death of Mrs. Rossetti saubble, and of the unhappy cloud, mental and physical, which rested on the painter-poet's last years, being almost all that can be desired. On a very few points a little additional intelligence has been afforded by the Life of Mrs. Gilchrist, which has appeared sines Mr. Knight wrote; but the only one of these that is of much interest is the account of Rossetti's connexion with the legendary (now, alas! not much more than legendary) paintings in the Oxford Union. It should be added that the bibliography, which is always a feature of this series, is here enriched by a complete list of Rossetti's known paintings and drawings—a thing which, we fancy, is not commonly to be found in any brief life of an English painter. It is, however, of course impossible that, in writing such a life, the events of which, unless illustrated by correspondence, could not without intolerable talkes-talkee be made to occupy more than a score or two of pages, a great deal has to be made of criticism; and here again, of course, it is impossible that personal differences of opinion should not come in. On the whole, Mr. Knight's treatment of a by no means easy subject seems to a very sensible and sound, though in regard to both the sides of Rossetti's and a sound though in regard to both the sides of Rossetti's halled, which is not, is possible to admir "Sister Helen" very much, and yet not to think that it is necessary to "go back to the powerful imagination of Webster to find anything equally bold, original, and tremeudous." The scene where the phots appears to Flaminee is of quite another-guess boldness, originality, and terrer than the somewhat overnamered style of Rossetti's balled, which is not, in our original, and tremedous." The scene where the phots appears to Flaminee is of qui

### LIFE AND LANDSCAPE ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THIS goodly volume consists of two parts of different value. In the first place, there are what the title-page calls, more truly than modestly, "forty beautiful plates from nature executed in platinotype." Then there is the text. Messrs. Emerson and Goodall will not be offended at seeing the literary part of their volume put on a less dignified footing than the artistic, for they give it as no more than a subordinate commentary. Moreover, they themselves have taken the photographs for the plates. Mr. Emerson took most of them alone; the others are the result of an "ideal partnership" with Mr. Goodall. Most of the text consists of pleasant enough chat about the Norfolk country and its people, against which nothing need be said. If there is an exception, it is Mr. Goodall's remark that in Norfolk "many of the dykes and channels are so narrow that working a craft to windward through them approaches a fine art, only to be acquired by long practice and the closest attention." Now working to windward is always a fine art; and in Norfolk, owing to the depth of the water and the flatness of the banks, it is rather easier than elsewhere—in confined waters. This, however, is a small thing to cavil at. Mr. Goodall contributes an essay on landscape at the

Great Writers-Rossetti. By Joseph Knight. London: Walter Scott.

<sup>\*</sup> Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads. By P. H. Emerson, B.A., M.B. (Cantab), and T. F. Goodall. London: Sampson Low & Co.

end of the volume, which is more emphatic in assertion than is quite justified either by its originality or its coherence. He is rather contemptuous of the classic landscape-painters of the stamp of Poussin and Claude, including Turner. Then he roundly asserts of Poussin and Claude, including Turner. Then he roundly asserts that "truth is beauty," using truth to mean accurate copying. So far he is logical enough; but then he goes on to cite as truthful artists, in his sense, Corot, J. F. Millet, and Bastien Lepage, to talk of the necessity of rendering broad effects, and so choosing your subject as not to put two landscapes on your canvas. He is also rather angry with critics who dislike mere transcripts from nature, and who ask to see the mind of the artist in his picture. Now, if ever there were three men who put their mark on their work, they were those three Frenchmen. Nobody endowed with the most modest critical faculty, or equipped with the most humble most modest critical faculty, or equipped with the most humble artistic knowledge, could fail to pick a Corot, a Millet, or a Bastien Lepage out in any gallery. Mr. Goodall will not deny that. Does he think that this individuality of theirs is due to

Bastien Lepage out in any gallery. Mr. Goodall will not deny that. Does he think that this individuality of theirs is due to mere fidelity of transcript, or to the fact that what we see in them is not nature only, but nature as interpreted by Corot, Millet, or Bastien Lepage—in other words, the working of the artist's mind? Then, too, when Mr. Goodall allows that you must choose your subject, he confesses that landscape is not a mere copy. If you are to choose, to select, and to generalize, which is what is meant by giving broad effects, you are in fact not merely copying, but arranging and interpreting. The result will be valuable in proportion, not only to the beauty of the original, but to the faculty of the artist. And so even on Mr. Goodall's own principles we come back to the need for the artist's mind, and the necessity there is for Correggiosity in Correggio.

Our comment on Mr. Goodall's commentary has run to greater length than is due to the confessedly less valuable part of this book, which is one more proof of how much easier it is to write of writing than to write of pictures. And yet we admire these "forty beautiful plates" very heartily, and think they deserve their laudatory adjective. The frontispiece gives a fine specimen of Norfolk scenery, with its stretch of cool, smooth water, grassy flat meadow, background of trees, and noble expanse of sky.

No. XV., "The Haunt of the Pike," is another and even tiner plate. The particular spot is excellently selected, from Oulton Broad, as we guess, or perhaps Wroxham; and it has been taken with brilliant success. Water fills the front, as it should in a Norfolk landscape, and behind is a stretch of reeds, with a clump of trees. There are four firs in this wood which are as admirable in point of beauty and truth as they could be, "The Marsh Farm" (XXIX.), and the well-chosen bit of quiet landscape called with brilliant success. Water fills the front, as it should in a Norfolk landscape, and behind is a stretch of reeds, with a clump of trees. There are four firs in this wood which are as admirable in point of beauty and truth as they could be. "The Marsh Farm" (XXIX.), and the well-chosen bit of quiet landscape called "Evening" (XXXVII.), are equally to be praised. Plate XI., "A Ruined Water-mill," gives a good rendering of one of those rather unlovely and even skeleton-like objects which can be seen for miles on the Norfolk rivers. Plate XII. shows "The Old Order and the New"—that is, the wind and the steam water-mill on the bank of a wide, well-filled stream. But it is dangerous to begin naming the plates; for, after picking the best of the pottle, one would go on to take them all, which is an indiscriminating and uncritical thing to do. All the plates have been taken cleanly and softly. We are told that they are untouched, and do not doubt it, though the sin of touching does not seem to us to be mortal. If, for instance, certain disfiguring thumb-marks had been touched out of Plate I. ("Coming Home from the Marshes") neither its beauty nor its truth would have suffered. The platinotype is well adapted to reproduce landscape, for it softens and generalizes with a kind of mechanical artistic faculty, and the "ideal partnership" of Messrs. Emerson and Goodall has used it well. The question may seem a little captious to these gentlemen, but why is Plate XXXIV. called "Quanting at Glatton"? The old man in the boat is not quanting, and has not even got a quant in his hand. Good wine needs no bush, and the Norfolk scenery needs no praise; but one may blamelessly sing in praise of good wine an the singing be but good, and write of or photograph Norfolk meritoriously. This Messrs. Emerson and Goodall have done, and done well, for which they deserve much thanks.

#### MANUAL OF BACTERIOLOGY.

MANUAL OF BACTERIOLOGY.\*

Not many years have passed since the very title of this work would have been unintelligible to even the most advanced men of science—who, indeed, might well have deemed it impossible that a branch of knowledge so novel, yet so important, should in so short a space of time start into notice and assume such proportions. The grosser parasites had indeed been described; for so long ago as 1839 Schönlein had demonstrated the fungous nature of the Achorion which bears his name, and in 1842 Goodsir, the Edinburgh physiologist, had discovered the Saveina ventriculi; but for years afterwards the existence of more minute organisms inhabiting the fluids or tissues of living beings was an bisolutely unknown. Still, the dream of a contagium vivum was an old one, but it remained for men of the present generation to prove it a reality.

Perhaps in no other branch of science has the co-relation of other branches to it been so marked as in bacteriology. Improvement in optics gave those vastly increased powers of the microscope without which bacterial forms are quite invisible. Chemistry supplied the novel staining agents without which they can scarcely

\* Manual of Bacteriology. By Edgar M. Crookshank, M.B. London:

\* Manual of Bacteriology. By Edgar M. Crookshank, M.B. London: H. K. Lewis.

be detected, and pathology afforded the means of studying the life-history and potentialities of a large number of varieties of bacteria. And in ingeniously grasping and utilizing the know-ledge derived from those other sciences to elucidate the new ology, the names of Lister, Pasteur, and Koch will ever be remembered as pioneers. Needless to say that the new revelations were ridi-culed by some, and made responsible for extravagant conclu-sions by others; and as a host of independent workers entered the field, and new discoveries were made, no little confusion arose in the attempt to classify and arrange the materials in a methodical manner.

manner.

Hence the necessity of a work to reduce this confusion to order; and most ably has the author of this manual essayed the task. About a year ago Mr. Crookshank published his modestly styled Introduction to Bacteriology, of which the present work is an expansion; and although the new science is daily advancing with giant strides, and promises to advance far beyond its present bounds, we doubt if any author could have treated the subject as it now stands more thoroughly and exhaustively. Nothing more than this manual could possibly be desired by any student of the science.

The objects of bacteriology, its vast importance to the physician, and the cardinal principles which guide us in basing conclusions founded on demonstrated facts, are broadly and clearly sketched in the introductory chapter.

The whole armamentarium of the necessary laboratory is there described in the minutest detail, so that the most ignorant tiro, if

possessed of ordinary intelligence, can be at no loss as to what to get and how to use it. The next chapter treats of the general morphology and physiology of bacteria, and we only regret that lack of space prevents a detailed criticism of it, for it certainly is worthy of high praise. worthy of high praise. In no work in the English language with which we are acquainted are the distinctive characteristics of the zymogenic, the saprogenic, and the pathogenic bacteria so lucidly stated. Thus the author writes of the saprogenic or putrefactive bacteria that

they produce changes allied to fermentation in complex organic substances. The nitrilication of soil has been attributed to their agency.... Associated with the formation of new organic combinations are certain bodies which have a poisonous effect when introduced into animals. These poisonous alkaloids—Ptomaines—produce a septic poisoning, which must be disalkaloids—Ptomaines—produce a septic poisoning, which must be distinguished from septic infection. The effects of septic poisoning depend on the dose, whereas the effects of septic infection are to a certain extent independent of the dose. A small quantity of a septic poison may produce only transient effects, and a r-latively large quantity may be necessary to produce death. Septic infection, on the other hand, may result equally from a small dose, because the poison introduced is a living organism, which is capable of propagation and multiplication.

As regards pathogenic hasteria

As regards pathogenic bacteria, we read that "no organism can be considered to be productive of disease unless it fulfils the conditions laid down by Koch. These are:—(a) The microorganism must be found in the blood, lymph, or diseased tissues of man or animal suffering from or dead of the disease. (b) The micro-organisms must be isolated from the blood, lymph, or tissues, and cultivated in suitable media—i.e. outside the animal body. These mars cultivations must be received as the contractions. issues, and cultivated in suitable media—i.e. outside the animal body. These pure cultivations must be carried on through successive generations of the organism. (c) A pure cultivation thus obtained must, when introduced into the body of a healthy animal, produce the disease in question. (d) Lastly, in the inoculated animal the same micro-organism must again be found." The author then, with praiseworthy trankness, says that, "though we may accept as a fact the existence of pathogenic organisms, we are not yet in a position to assert the means by which they produce their deleterious or fatal effects"; and proceeds to discuss the various hypotheses suggested in explanation.

The chapter on antiseptics and disinfectants is well calculated to act as a check upon the ignorant enthusiasm of those, not always disinterested, persons who boast that some particular inhalant or soap will annihilate the germs of infection altogether—bacteria are not so easily to be eradicated. There is a thoughtful and temperate chapter on immunity, and the results of protective inoculation, which is of the deepest practical interest at the present day, and the rest of the work deals with classification, and a detailed description of a yast number of different species of bacteria.

The illustrations are a special feature of the work and we

The illustrations are a special feature of the work, and we annot too highly commend the results achieved. Some of the figures are drawings from micro-photographs, in the produc-tion of which the author is a master.

The list of works referred to is voluminous, and arranged in the

most precise order, so that the reader can ascertain the names of all the works written, for example, on the bacteria of anthrax or erysipelas, at a glance, thus forming a valuable index of reference. As a whole, we heartily recommend it to all who are interested in this deeply important science.

#### NOVELS.

"BLINKHOOLIE" writes a novel with a purpose to tell us all that a "Tory Lordling" should and should not do. Apparently what he should not do is listen to "a proselytizing

\* A Tory Lording. By "Blinkhoolie." 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

On the Scint. By Lady Margaret Majendie. 1 vol. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1887.

Lord and Lady Piccadilly. By the Earl of Desart. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1887.

life s of logy, ridi-nelu-1 the

37.

der; yled with et as

dical

phy-con-early here

at to that with the cidly

ctive

hich nous disit in-

nism the icro-es of The , or

suclthy the ough pro-

ated cular htful ctive

sent s of duc-

the x or

ll us

rd & Iurst

don:

Atheist" who talks the rankest Radicalism, while what he should do may be exemplified by what his younger brother ultimately does—namely, stand for his county town in the Tory interest and work at the Representation of the People Act. Nothing can be simpler. The education of the future Duke of Countryholm is the subject of Vol. I. He goes to Mugby with his brother, Lord Henry, and falls into those evil times when a new head-master had been appointed, "who had two great defects in the eyes of his unwilling subordinates—he was a Conservative and a sound Churchman." The conduct of the Mugby masters towards the new doctor gives "Blinkhoolie" an opportunity to propound his views on "the miserable narrow-mindedness, the intolerant bigotry, and the unprincipled malice and reckless spite of men who claim to be advanced thinkers." A little later on, when the boys have gone up to Oxford, "Blinkhoolie" also improves the occasion, and states that "he never knew but one man capable of lecturing with effect, and that was Mr. Dendy, of University College, and he was a hunting-man, which naturally made him a sensible being." The chapters devoted to the boy's life at Mugby and Oxford are brightly written; and, whenever our author will consent to leave the masters and the dons in peace, there is no fault to find with his sporting descriptions. Before Oxford is done with, however, the young men are summoned home by their father's death. He has been shot in an affray with poachers; the murderer very naturally turns out, ultimately, to have been one of the disciples of the atheistic radical Aspland, from whom he has learnt "to ignore the existence of a God, and to abominate any social or other superiority among men."

Praise being due to "Blinkhoolie's" excellent descriptions of English country life and the notable qualities of English men and women, it is the more to be regretted that he should have yielded to the bad taste of the present day which urges an author to set contemporary statesmen among the puppets of his show. There

home-coming, he leaves "a delighted populace behind him," for "Truman receives an order to charge no one with drinks that night."

Lady Margaret Majendie deals chiefly with the ways and doings of young people. We are introduced to a family of twelve sons and daughters, the eldest of whom is a useless but elegant youth, fresh from Oxford. They all meet in conclave, and form themselves into a committee of ways and means, seeing that their father, the squire of Denstone Court, can get no more rent from his once productive acres. The success that attends their efforts is no less marvellous than it is edifying. One cannot but hope that it may encourage other young people, similarly circumstanced, to set their shoulders to the wheel, and we trust they will not be deceived in their expectation of the result. The leader of the brawls is Arthur, son number two, who takes up the offer of his uncle's clerkship, at 6ol. a year, and goes to France to learn the language before beginning work. There he meets M. Rigaud, an old miser, who goes about with a black leather case, containing diamonds to the value of a million of money, and a pretty daughter, a young lady fresh from school, with "magnificent magnetic eyes." When Rigaud is murdered, Mademoiselle promptly makes use of the divining-rod she has inherited from her ancestor, the mysterious Jacques Aymar, detects the criminal, and, before three months are up, Arthur is the happy bridegroom of the beautiful orphan, who has 30,000. a year. Meanwhile, the rest of the family do not let the grass grow under their feet. Some of the expeditions entered upon with a view of bettering the situation are described with much humour. (Lady Margaret is evidently more at home with the children than with the "grown-ups.") Arthur being off to seek his fortune, his sister Tola writes him letters chronicling the family events. Tola's letters are the best part of the book, and it is almost a pity that there are not more of them. With ten brothers and sisters to look after her duties are arduous

Teddy has just got into a terrible scrape. He had heard Tommy talk so much about the future clothing of the family which was to proceed from the skins of the animals we slay, that, fired by a perusal of The Swiss Family Robinson and Musterman Ready, he sallied out with a carving-knife, stalked a peaceful old sheep into the copse, and endeavoured to slay it. His horror at the sight of blood, for he really did hurt it a little, was such that he fied screaming to me. I enforced confession, and father chastized him severely; but he did not care for that as for what he called "De seep, de poor, poor seep"; and nothing would do for him but a Samaritan expedition to the copse with dischylon, which the old mutton rubbed off as soon as we had turned our backs.

Tola, the letter-writer, who is certainly a most agreeable little personage, finds her employment gone when her two brothers are married, and, in search of new occupation, accepts Mr. Irving, the clergyman (he gets a new living "in a large sea-side place" just

before he proposes), who has already won her heart by going to France in search of the lost Arthur, who, as aforenoted, is mixed up in the "affaire Rigaud" and the diamonds.

Lord Desart is beginning to write stories that professional novel-readers (not reviewers) will find fairly entertaining. Lord and Lody Piccadilly has the advantage of a very complicated plot. Incidents of varied kinds are skilfully spread over the pages of the three orthodox volumes—there are suicides and fatal boating accidents, also a considerable amount of love-making, "with the hand-in-hand and kissing business according to rule" (as Lord Desart puts it), and people come promptly into peerages and 130,000. a year without its conducing very materially to their happiness—however, with all this excellence, it must be remarked that no attempt is made at delineation of character, and every possibility is sacrificed to the desire of making the people out as eccentric as may be. We have four Lords Piccadilly in Vol. I. The first Lord Piccadilly lives at Richlake, in a garden where he has built a mausoleum to Griselda, his cat, of whom an inscription records that she "died of a plethora of fish, deeply regretted by the friends she had scratched and the foes she had avoided." His Lordship's days are spent in having himself read to by a beautiful girl, whom we are informed is his natural child, but who passes for the daughter of the neighbouring doctor. In Vol. II. the young lady very properly turns out to be the legitimate daughter of somebody else. Now Nellie, being of course a very pretty girl, is incontinently fallen in love with by Lord Piccadilly's nephew's mother if he does not go away, and hold his tongue. The boy yields, and goes off to Australia, leaving the old lord, by the threat of ruing her supposititious father, the doctor, to force the girl into marrying a scamp who has already one wife in Brussels, and then hoved, but his lordship threatens to beggar his nephew's mother if he does not go and the hero lands from Australia to find

#### MEMORIES OF THE MEN WHO SAVED THE UNION.

MEMORIES OF THE MEN WHO SAVED THE UNION.\*

M. R. DONN PIATT'S Memories of the Men who saved the Union is a modest enough book to look at, for it is small and handy. But its modesty is wholly in its appearance. Mr. Piatt throughout his three hundred pages or so bears himself with an air of superiority to his company as trying, if not as well founded, as Topham Beauclerk's. He condescends to all these great men, with one exception, in what they would have felt to be an irritating fashion. Now it is hardly necessary to be as tall as Pitt in order to be able to look over the heads of Lincoln, Stanton, Chase, Seward, or even Major-General George H. Thomas (the men who saved the Union), but, after all, they were the best the great democracy had to show for itself at a pinch; and Mr. Donn Piatt does not convince us that he soars over them to any great height, and his condescension does a little jar on the nerves. For the rest Mr. Piatt is excellent fun at times. His way of proving to you that an American great man is great has much in it of an amusing nature. As regards Lincoln, for instance, he shows that this particular great man had no principles, no knowledge, no thinking faculty, no taste, and no manners. And yet he was a great man. The others were in much the same position—except General Thomas, for whom Mr. Piatt professes an admiration of the most superlative kind. It is not our business to fight the battles of Stanton, Chase, & Co. Let his own countrymen do battle with Mr. Piatt if they think it worth while. It will be a pretty fight enough, for he is very fluent and not destitute of faculty for smart scolding. Then, too, he entertains a fine contempt for many things, and even calls American politics a dirty arena. It would perhaps be a sign of the condescension of foreigners if the Men who saved the Union. By Donn Piatt. New

<sup>\*</sup> Memories of the Men who saved the Union. By Donn Platt. New York and Chicago: Belford, Clarke, & Co. 1887.

st the state of th

the to M gird of ar

wingr with for the star the present the to we is

I per ve de of ess ger bu and ve wo add

the lofty task alone. Mr. Piatt may say these things, for he is an American, and is even very American, being full of philosophy, replete with historical knowledge, and persuaded of the greatness of "our democracy" which contrived to produce such wonderfully small men. He is nobly indignant with people who try to prove that any American descends from a gentleman. The horay-handed sons of toil, says Mr. Piatt, are nobler ancestors than your "robber barons, whose only mission on earth was to torture and destroy."

This fine sentiment occurs in the sketch of General Thomas.

This fine sentiment occurs in the sketch of General Thomas, who was a Virginian, and for whom Mr. Piatt's admiration is well nigh boundless. He takes the opportunity to point out that Virginia was a penal colony, and got its Adam and Eve from Newgate. Mr. Piatt is at his best in the study on General Thomas—which, indeed, is a readable piece of work. The writer admires his man, which is a good thing, and despises his man's rivals, which puts pepper into the style. But, more than that, he has a good chance of riding his own hobby. Mr. Piatt's hobby is finding proof of the incompetence of West Point men generally. To be sure, General Thomas was a West Pointer—as, indeed, were all the successful leaders on both sides, with the exception of a few Southern guerrilleros; and this seems at first rather to militate against Mr. Piatt's argument. He does not think so. Having laid it down as a fundamental that soldiering comes by nature, he has no difficulty in drawing the conclusion that a military education is absurd, and only serves to make the men who This fine sentiment occurs in the sketch of General Thomas militate against Mr. Platt's argument. He does not think so. Having laid it down as a fundamental that soldiering comes by nature, he has no difficulty in drawing the conclusion that a military education is absurd, and only serves to make the men who have gone through it conceited. How Mr. Platt came to hold this view he explains unconsciously by telling certain experiences of his own. He was himself a civilian soldier, and had his troubles with "epauletted owls" from West Point. Then his career was cut short because he showed a noble superiority to the grovelling habits of subordination instilled into the mind of the cadet. He was in Baltimore, on General Schenck's staff, some time before the proclamation which freed the slaves appeared. There came one to Baltimore to raise a negro regiment. General Schenck knew his President better than to allow interference with the peculiar institution as yet. Mr. Donn Platt had a loftier mind. He took advantage of his general's absence on duty to permit the recruiting of negroes, and so raised no small hubbub in Maryland. Hereupon came a telegram from Washington ordering Mr. Platt to report at headquarters at once. He saw the President, but cannot bear to repeat what Mr. Lincoln said, which is a pity, for that "great man" had certainly a faculty for putting a rough kind of sense into a species of brutal epigram. Soon afterwards Mr. Piatt learnt that the Presidential pen had been run through his name on a list of officers recommended for employment. From all this it follows quite logically that a civilian makes a better officer than a West Point cadet. Indeed, Mr. Piatt's arguments are generally delicious. Thus, he has to prove that General Thomas never applied for service under the Confederates; and he does it by quoting a letter in which the General asks what "salary and allowances" are to be got in the Virginia Military Institute, at a time when the war was really beginning. What a remarkable piece of evidence of his uniform devotion to the Union! It is clear, however, t a drunken blockhead, Sherman a conceited blockhead, McClellan a timid pedant whose soul did not rise above white cotton gloves. His successors, again, were smaller even than he. All were mean, small, ignorant, envious; but the great democracy followed them, and could produce nothing better. The one great silent man, whose boots they were not worthy to black, was a Virginian, a son of the patriarchal State whereof the Adam and Eve came from Newgate. It is a pretty picture, and we commend it to those Americans who do not like the condescension of foreigners.

#### MEDICAL BOOKS.

THIS is a fair, impartially-written, and most readable book upon a subject of great interest to a large number of invalids,

Dr. Lindsay is a graphic writer, and his descriptions of life at sea, at Davos Platz, and at the Antipodes are full of vivid local colouring, which very much enhances the value of the work. There is, moreover, a most commendable candour in the following estimate of the scope of his subject:—"Olimatic treatment is not a complete therapeusis, and will be only a snare if so interpreted. It is a means to an end, not an end in itself; a powerful adjunct to hygienic and medicinal measures, not a substitute for them; a channel of escape from vicious habit and abnormal mode of life, not a mysterious remedy or an unfailing specific." The writer disarms criticism in regard to his views on the choice of sanatoria by frankly admitting that our knowledge is as yet too imperfect to admit of laying down scientifically accurate rules; but even without this apology there is little to object to in the general advice which he gives. The weak point in the work is unquestionably the chapter on "The Causes of Consumption," which is marked by shadowy generalization and a lack of clear pathological conceptions. The writer asks us to concede too much when he says, in regard to the question whether the tubercle bacillus be pathogenic or "simply an epiphyte," that "the therapeutist may be pardoned if he regards it as of more theoretical interest than practical importance." Whatever view he holds, no writer on the causes of consumption can nowadays afford to treat this crucial question with such airy indifference. Nor are we reassured as to the writer's precise pathological position when we find such loose expressions as "climates which breed consumption," or such as occur in the following passage:—"In order that this heightened activity of bodily function may conduce to the restoration of health, and not simply burn up the remaining energies of an already exhausted organism, some reserve of vital force must be present, and there must be an abundant dietary, and a sound hygiene." It is a truism to say that there "must be some reserve of v

change of air and scene.

The title of this work is somewhat puzzling, as it certainly suggests a treatise on the etiology of morbid conditions; and we naturally wonder what nurses have to do with a science so manysided, so vast, and the study of which presupposes such an intimate knowledge of organic chemistry, anatomy, and physiology as no nurse can be expected to possess. But the contents of the book by no means justify a title of such importance, which might with more strict propriety be altered to "The Sick Nurse's Primer." Moreover, these lectures are addressed to trained nurses, and we feel bound to say that a nurse who is ignorant of the points on which this work is designed to enlighten her can hardly be said to be trained at all. But, apart from the ill-chosen title, there is a good deal to commend in this simply-written and easily understood little manual, which, if widely read, might do some good in dispelling to a slight degree the density of popular ignorance concerning the symptoms of disease. Perhaps the author was wisely afraid of taking his audience out of their depth in bacteriological matters; but he is certainly not justified in the sweeping remark, "what these seeds of fever really are is not truly known," and we should recommend to him a careful perusal of the works of Fehleissen, Ranvier, Löffler, Crookshank, Jamieson, and Edington. Although it is not absolutely stated, we are left to infer that a solution of carbolic acid of the strength of two and a half per cent. in water may be "safely relied on" to kill the "seeds" of infection. Such a reliance is, unfortunately, delusive, although as a deodorant the above, except for its own savour, is unobjectionable and effective. It is, moreover, incorrect to say (p. 44) "tiny, tiny particles of dead, useless matter is thrown off, from the inflamed place," and we think that the expression "a hole in the part is the result " might have been more happily chosen. But, notwithstanding these defects, there is good, simple, practical advice to be foun

#### AN ENGLISHMAN IN JAPAN.

MOST things Japanese have in Major Knollys a great and genuine admirer. He is never weary of expatiating on the cleanliness and cheerful good-nature of the people, the incomparable endurance of the rickshaw runners, the courteous kindness of the tea-house-keepers, the pleasant faces and pleasanter ways of the unwedded maids, the charm of the landscape, the quality of the air, the innocent gaiety of the festivals, the neat and

<sup>\*</sup> Climatic Treatment of Consumption. By J. A. Lindsay, M.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

Diseases and their Commencement. Lectures to Trained Nurses. By Donald Hood, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill.

<sup>\*</sup> Sketches of Life in Japan. By Henry Knollys, Major Royal Artillery. London: Chapman & Hall. 1837.

pretty picturesqueness of Japanese raiment, Japanese architecture, Japanese horticulture, and all the rest of it. In time he appears to have got used to the discomforts of the abominable kango; his to have got used to the discomforts of the abominative kango; his remarks upon the *Yoshicara* and some peculiar institutions of Japan are the reverse of unkindly; though it made him blush, the "amazing impropriety" of the Japanese drama in no wise makes him rage. In brief, he was pleased with his hosts, and his account of them is very pleasant reading. His style is awkward here and there, and he is none of the best at "word-painting." But he contrives to be both entertaining and instructive in no

mean degree.

It must be added that his benevolence is by no means universal in comprehensiveness. He has nothing whatever to say in praise of the Japanese kitchen, which institution appears to stand in need of reform the most sweeping and reconstruction the most careful and complete. Again, for whatever appertains to the religious system of the Japanese he has only the bitterest contempt. The priests and priestesses are revolting to him; he can see no beauty in the temples themselves; he thinks the ritual a deplorable mummery, and knows not whether to be more intolerant of the degraded superstition of the genuine devotee or the frank and cynical atheism of his opposite. Another bugbear of his is Japanese art. He admires its decorative quality, but in most other lights it appears to him abominable. Whether or not be derived his first impressions of it from shie. Whether or not ne derived his first impressions of it from Nikkô, a city of priests and temples, does not appear. Certain it is that he regards it with an illiberal eye, and altogether refuses to go into any raptures but of disdain. He avows himself "half-startled" and "wholly repelled" by the "ugly, niggling details," the "puerile designs," the "obscene monsters and filthy abortions" that met his gaze at Nikkô; he found the mouldings and the control of the con fretwork "so elaborate and purposeless" as to "almost aggravate him"; he saw in the artists who had decorated the innumerable him"; he saw in the artists who had decorated the innumerable shrines and portals and monuments about him a set of poor devils entirely "ignorant of the first principles of perspective and the merest rudiments of anatomy"; the famous "Sleeping Cat" of the master Jingoro seemed but "a very vulgar graymalkin caterwauling on the tiles"; realistic or grotesque, the whole set-out was merely barbaric and contemptible. He swamps up the art with the religion, and dismisses the mess as something equally revolting and contemptible. "I am sick," says he, "of these Buddhas with their satyrlike grins and sensuous complacency, their obese stomachs, and their flabby, foul features"; they remind him of the Wicked Nobleman of journalistic fiction; they are "a mixture of the terrible and the hideous"; they belong to a set of divinities who are "all intent on the infliction of pain." they are "a mixture of the terrible and the hideous"; they belong to a set of divinities who are "all intent on the infliction of pain." Major Knollys, indeed, can see no merit of any sort in the religious art of Japan. It is so completely naught to him that he does not even condescend to speak of it in detail. He is enamoured of perspective, and to such an extent that without it art is not art, and there is an end of the matter.

of perspective, and to such an extent that without it art is not art, and there is an end of the matter.

His account of Tôkió—which is modern Japan—and Kioto—which is pretty much the Japan of old time—is very spirited and graphic; and we have nothing but praise for the notes by the way in which he describes his pilgrimages in the interior of the country—to Nikkô, for instance, and to Miyanoshita and the foot of Fujisan. His most important chapter, however, is assuredly the one devoted to the present and future of the Japanese army. In Tôkió he studied the subject as closely and carefully as he could; and, as he had plenty of opportunities, the conclusions at which he has arrived possess an exceptional authority. They are a trifle less roseate than, perhaps, the Japanese will like; but they attest the presence of so vigorous a national life and so irrepressible a capacity of improvement as fairly to compel us to respect and admiration. A few years ago the standard by which the Japanese army was to be judged was that of simple barbarism; to-day it is that of Western civilization in its latest and best developments. France was the model chosen; and, though much is still to do, the results achieved are merely astonishing. Our readers will find them set forth succinctly, but with sufficient clearness, in Major Knollys's book; and thereto we hasten, without further words, to send them.

#### THE FEELING FOR NATURE IN SCOTTISH POETRY.

In two particularly handsome little volumes (well bound and got up, and just the right size for holding in the hand, but perhaps a little lavish of space for the amount of text) Professor Veitch has executed a very interesting inquiry into the successive developments of what may be called the scenery-sense in the poets of the northern part of his own country, and has prefixed to it an essay or dissertation in a hundred pages or so on the scenery-sense generally. Of the later and larger part of his book there is little to say, because it consists chiefly of a series of selections, made with excellent taste for the most part and thoroughly pleasant to read, but not lending themselves much to comment. A certain generous and patriotic over-estimate may be observed in some of Professor Veitch's judgments, if we cared to quibble about that; and it would of course be possible for any tolerably well-read person to add to his selections. Thus, there is hardly a better touch of

actual observation in Drummond of Hawthornden, for instance (a good deal of whose nature-worship is perhaps as much literary as genuine), than his plea in praise of "the delightful green Of those fair radiant e'en" which he had the good taste to admire,

The Heavens (if we believe The sea their glass) are green, not perfect blue.

But of this sort of thing there is no end, and we much prefer reading Professor Veitch's book to the endeavour to show how we

could improve it.

We are not quite so certain of the unmixed merit of the earlier or theoretic part. The Professor, a fervent Wordsworthian, is, according to the habit of fervent Wordsworthians, half sorry for, and half contemptuous of, the poor Homers, and Dantes, and Shakspeares who lived before it was the correct thing to throw yourself into eestasies or meditations pages long about a hill or a waterfall. Theoritus and Lucretius get a kind of exception from his censure, but the others have a bad time of it. It seems that "there is very little of this purer feeling for the mountain, if indeed any, in Shakspeare, for all his universality so frequently lauded," and it is, of course, very shocking in a man to be wanting in this purer feeling for the mountain, even if he does write those nine words—

jocund day Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops

which are just worth all the Wordsworthian and Byronic "jaw" about hills (in which Professor Veitch revels) put together. But we must not lose our temper with Professor Veitch, who is a very excellent person. The real fault of him (as any one, however fervent his own love for "communing with nature" may be, must see if he be a critic) is that Professor Veitch does not see how much mere fashion and training there is in this post-Wordsworthian sentiment. He is hugely wroth with Johnson for his famous definition of the Highland hills as "matter incapable of form or usefulness," &c., nor does he see that this definition is simply the current and fashionable opinion of one time put into forcible words, just as much that Mr. Ruskin and his followers write is merely the fashionable and current opinion of another time, put into just as much that Mr. Ruskin and his followers write is merely the fashionable and current opinion of another time, put into words a good deal more copious and a good deal less forcible. If mountain-worship and Wordsworthianism generally had existed in Shakspeare's times, Shakspeare, no doubt, would have ridiculed the excess of them as he ridiculed euphuism. But they did not, and so he was content to put the root of the matter in the above words, and in a dozen other passages which we could quote. For the truth is that the world is wide, and there are several things in the sides mountain. things in it besides mountains.

A similar error manifests itself in the elaborate and not un-A similar error mainless itself in the elaborate and not uninteresting analysis which the Professor gives of the stages which, as he supposes, the "feeling for nature" goes through before it reaches the perfection of "pure feeling for mountains." It is very ingenious, but we confess that it seems to us to be much more ingenious than, if we may coin a word, "veracausal." Professor Veitch may think us horrible Philistines (though we think we can heart as much affection for mountains as anyway) but we don't boast as much affection for mountains as any one), but we doubt very much whether mountain-worship is, in any sense, an advance intellectually on the absence of mountain-worship. For many ages it was difficult for the average civilized man to get at mountains; when was difficult for the average civilized man to get at mountains; when he did get at them, he was liable to be frozen, starred, robbed, and so forth; and his ordinary course of life, being such as not to overtask the nervous system, neither prompted him to our rather hysterical outbursts of sentiment, nor required "communing with nature" as a tonic and alterative. For the last hundred years we have had police, postchaises, railroads, knapsacks, luncheon baskets, rugs, and other appliances for doing mountains comfortably, and we have got into a state of life to which doing mountains is a welcome refreshment and change. So we do them. Horrid, this explanation, is it not? And yet we shall stoutly maintain that, if we are not ready to shout about the silence of the hills in myriads of noisy volumes, and to wear the heart of our love for nature on the sleeve of our publisher's windows, we are yet not much less foul of the ready to shout about the sale of our love for nature on the sieeve volumes, and to wear the heart of our love for nature on the sieeve of our publisher's windows, we are yet not much less fond of the misty mountain-tops (as the fellow of very impure feeling for them said) than the loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train of their admirers. And in this train we do not include Professor Veitch, and in this train we do not include Professor Veitch, and forgotten somewhat who has only refined a little overmuch, and forgotten somewhat that all men before Wordsworth were not necessarily dwellers in a kind of literary "Days of Ignorance."

#### A BOOK ABOUT LISZT.\*

MLLE. JANKA WOHL is of those to whom Liszt was im-MLLE. JANKA WOHL is of those to whom Liszt was impeccable. He was august, a divinity, incapable of error and wrong-doing of any sort. She admits that his appetite for flattery was, as it were, Gladstonian; but for this amiable weakness ahe has only a sort of admiring wonderment. Her little book, in a word, is a panegyrie, tempered with anecdotes, of the "homme unique," the "ame fière et digne," the "cour tendre et généreux aux délicatesses infinies," the "vaste esprit," the incomparable virtuoso. To him she owes, it appears, a vast deal more than can ever be repaid. He "enriched her intellectual life with inexhaustible treasures"; he opened up to her a series of "illimitable horizons"; he bequeathed her "a moral inheritance

<sup>\*</sup> The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry. By John Veitch, Profes of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. 2 vols. London a Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1887.

<sup>\*</sup> François Liszt-Souvenirz d'une Compatriote. Par Janka Wohl. Paris: Ollendorff. 1887.

be we are of D W fa in the winder

p. ex it

ex sur be me in to The door that No. C. this edii edii 17. prev not ma exp disa Sala that pro par opin he that

Nonia si date fam

which secures the double future of her mind and her heart." Her existence is "impregnated with his affection," is "fused in his genius"; and he will for ever remain "one of the penates of her hearth, ever present, and ever surrounded with her grateful affection." Such is the attitude in which she considers her subject; and it says much for her talent and good faith that, with all her enthusiasm, she should have written an interesting and expressing little heart.

amusing little book.

when Mile. Wohl saw Liszt first she was only a girl of ten, but he was already a hero in her sight, and she vowed herself to his worship on the spot. She was a precocious child, for she relates how, having seen him conduct the Messe de Gran, she was inspired to sing to his praise and glory in French and German. respect to sing to his praise and giory in French and German verse. Moreover, she wrote to a friend a letter descriptive of her emotions, which reads like the work of one of seventeen aummers at least. When the master came to thank her for her verses, and kissed her hand—"comme à une grande demoiselle"—her "little heart" (she thinks) "had well nigh burst with emotion." In time they came to be fast friends. It was understood that Mile Wohl proposed to write about the rights of rispicts. that Mile. Wohl proposed to write about the prince of pianists; and presently the prince of pianists was moved to talk through her to posterity. She made notes of his conversations with her; he corrected her impressions; and the present volume is a result of the partnership. Her reminiscences are a little broken and scattered, it is true; she is compelled, she says, to pass in silence the fourteen years of her hero's life at Weimar; concerning Richard Wagner she could never persuade him to say anything of any particular interest; there are all sorts of important omissions, with a wast deal of what at best is merely pleasant omissions, with a vast deal of what at best is merely pressual goostip. Still, the impression produced by her work is a good one. Through the mist of eulogy there is discerned a portrait that has a really lifelike and individual look. It is obvious that the Liszt of Mile. Jauka Wohl—full of vanity and full of genius, magnificent in energy and the capacity of work, royally benevolent, superbly histrionic, greedy of adoration, rich to the last in a radiant and commanding individuality—is pretty much the Liszt of real life—is, at all events, the Liszt of real life as he wished to appear, and, consequently, as he succeeded in appearing, to his innumerable votaries. Of another awarar of the man—of to his innumerable votaries. Of another avatar of the man—of the Liszt, that is to say, who was himself a worshipper who bowed down before influence after influence, and was in turn the slave of Berlioz, Mme. d'Agoult, Richard Wagner, to name but these—Mlle. Wohl vouchsafes us no glimpse. Probably she never saw him, and was unaware of his existence; so that the omission, after all, is not surprising.

It says much for Liszt, and much for the admirable bonhomies which was one of the chief constituents in his character, that

which was one of the chief constituents in his character, that, intoxicating as was the atmosphere in which he lived, and incessant and enormous as was the homage laid at his feet, he seldom or never lost his head, remained incapable of misanthropy intoxicating as was the atmosphere in which he lived, and incessant and enormous as was the homage laid at his feet, he seldom or never lost his head, remained incapable of misanthropy and even cynicism, and died, as he had lived, the most generous and good-natured of men. His life, it must be owned, was one of the most enjoyable that can possibly be conceived; and he enjoyed it to the full. He was everywhere received with such honours as only fall to the lot of the greatest of great artists. If he stopped a quarter of an hour at a station, it was a hundred to one that he found the platform in possession of a bevy of ladies, who ravished him from his coupé, and marched him, strewing flowers before him, to a piano garlanded with roses. "A certain Polish countess," Mlle. Wohl narrates, was in the habit of receiving him in a boudoir thickly carpeted with rose-leaves—the symbol, it appears, "d'un amour sans épines et entièrement soumis." Once four famous beauties combined to be painted as caryatids supporting a likeness of the master. Capitals—even Berlin |—were illuminated in his honour; his birthdays brought him rooms full of flowers; his wreaths of golden laurel, his golden batons, his golden music-stands were innumerable; had he chosen, he might have covered himself with ribands and crosses; the ladies of Hungary united to furnish his rooms in Pesth with the rarest embroideries, the work of their own fair hands; there was not a celebrity in Europe with whom he had not received some special distinction; in Russia his success was such that (it would seem) there was nothing for it but expulsion; when the Emperor of Austria was crowned King of Hungary (1867) he was commissioned to write the coronation Mass, and his reception—for which, as the story is told by Mile. Wohl, one cannot help suspecting him to have laid himself out—almost equalled that bestowed upon the sovereign himself.

It must be noted that Mile. Wohl is disposed to be severe, after the manner of her sex, upon certain of the master's conquests. She r

but she compensates herself when she comes to treat of the eccentric lady who was responsible for the Mémoires d'une Cosaque.

The story of her disgrace is told by Mile. Wohl in full. She was a pupil of Liezt's: she played before him in public, and broke down; she was ordered to begin again; she began again, and again broke down; a third attempt, succeeded no better; where down; she was ordered to begin again; she began again, and again broke down; a third attempt succeeded no better; whereupon the master told her she would never be an artist, and dismissed her his society. It is not recorded that, like Miss Larkins
chez Baroski, she called out "Benjamin!" or its equivalent in
Russian, though the scene is by no means unlike that depicted in
Men's Wives by the historian of the Ravenswing, and the provocation, it must be admitted, was excessive. What is told of
her, however, is more melodramatic, if a good deal less natural
and affecting. Having taken laudanum, and failed to die, she
came to Lizzt's rooms, forced her way to his presence, produced
a pistol, and took aim at him with great solemnity. Lizzt at
once advanced to meet her, his "breast expanded for the ball,"
as the poet Bunn has said, "To wash out every stain"; whereupon she cast herself at his feet, and prayed for mercy. But the
master was inexorable. She had shamed him publicly; moreover, it is obvious that he was tired of her; so she departed as
she came. She was a person of intelligence, however, and, reover, it is obvious that he was tired of her; so she departed as she came. She was a person of intelligence, however, and, remembering *Elle et Lui*, she told her story in her own way in the *Mémoires d'une Cosaque*. Liszt was exceedingly angry; but he was not a fool, and he took no notice of the book, which his ex-pupil was rancorous and clever enough to supplement with Mémoires d'un Pianiste, which purported, by inference and insinuation, to be the work of her renowned ex-teacher. Still Liszt sinuation, to be the work of her renowned ex-teacher. Still Liszt declined to be drawn; but the insult stuck, and to the end of his life he remembered it, and it is apparently by his wish that Mile. Wohl refers to the incident. He seems to have behaved, for his part, much worse than we could wish. But it is characteristic of his latest panegyrist that she tells the story with all simplicity and good faith, and without a suspicion that her hero could by any possibility have been for so much as a single instant in the

#### THE NEWEST BOSWELL.

DR. BIRKBECK HILL may be fairly congratulated on the successful termination of a long and arduous task. If, in his preface, there is a certain air of complacency, some amount of self-satisfaction is surely pardonable in a writer who, looking back upon the expanse of proof-land he has passed through, sown with its rocks of reference and pitfalls of misquotation, thankfully with its rocks of reference and pitfalls of misquotation, thankfully puts away his blotting-paper, and mentally composes a congratulatory ode to his pen. His work, Dr. Hill tells us, pursued through varied duties and changing health, has been the occupation and the care of many years; but, indeed, it is unnecessary to introduce to the reader the author of the volume of collected papers which, under the title of Dr. Johnson, His Friends and His Critics, has already supplied ample evidence to all good Johnsonians that Dr. Hill—to use the epithet he transfers in his dedication from Malone to the Master of Balliol—is himself "Johnsonianisimus." Since he began his labours two by-no-means unimportant editions of Bosvell—the Rev. Alexander his dedication from Malone to the Master of Balliol—is himself "Johnsonianissimus." Since he began his labours two by-nomeans unimportant editions of Boswell—the Rev. Alexander Napier's and Professor Morley's—have been given to the public. Neither of these was to be despised. Mr. Napier's volumes, which appeared in 1884, were carefully prepared. They retrenched much that was needless from antecedent annotation, they added something that was novel in the way of Appendix and Supplement, and perhaps for the general reader they give the best edition yet published, which makes it desirable that more notice should be taken of them than Dr. Hill has taken. Professor Morley's edition of 1886, although to our thinking, that notice should be taken of them than Dr. Hill has taken. Professor Morley's edition of 1886, although, to our thinking, that part of it which gave it its title of the "Reynold's" edition was least admirable, was still the work of an experienced and conscientious littérateur, who in "The Spirit of Johnson," with which he concluded his labours, gave an excellent character-portrait of Boswell's hero. Furthermore, he supplied some admirable indices. But Dr. Birkbeck Hill must be held in some respects to have distanced both Mr. Napier and Mr. Morley. His type and paper (the type and paper of the Clarendon Press) are irreproachable; his format and binding leave nothing to be desired. His illustrations (although we confess to a certain hankering after the vanished cunning in steel of Finden and Heath and Goodall, in preference to the uncertainties of etching and the dusky results of processes on probation) are adequate. His facsimiles, especially vanished cunning in steel of Finden and Heath and Goodall, in preference to the uncertainties of etching and the dusky results of processes on probation) are adequate. His facsimiles, especially that of the "Round Robin" lent by Lord Crawford, are most interesting, and his index, which, with a list of quoted works and some addenda, occupies the whole of volume six, must certainly claim to be exhaustive. If, as Dr. Hill says (and by "if" we have not the slightest desire to cast any doubt upon his words), he has compared every one of the tightly packed entries in these 288 pages with the reference in the printed volumes, then we, who have also tasted those "violent delights," desire to make our bow to him as a prodigy of patience (and wakefulness). But these things, which simply show the strenuous tenacity with which Dr. Hill has performed his labour of love, are as nothing beside the wide information, the passion for research, and the thorough saturation with the spirit and literature of the time which his volumes everywhere exhibit. The pains he has taken to ensure

<sup>\*</sup> Bosnell's Life of Johnson. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. vols. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1387.

al

ed

n-th r-le

lv

accuracy are unexampled; and if a fresh reader, authority in hand, ahould happen on a typographical slip or a false reference, he will do well to remember the actent of the field, and the multiplied sources of information. In these days, to be a Johnsonian specialist, even of inferior rank, requires unlimited leisure and a hy-no-means-limited library.

Comparing Dr. Hill's edition with some of those which have preceded it, what strikes one most is the fertility and abundance of his elucidatory passages. This, indeed, he himself refers to as a main feature of his method, and he may be thought to have rather searrified other good things to it. After referring to Johnson's extraordinary memory, he says:—"I have sought to follow him wherever a remark of his required illustration, and have read through many a book that I might trace to its source a reference or an allusion." He might have added that he annotates every one connected with him as fully. Neither in Napier's nor in Croker's editions is there a single note to Boswell's "Dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds." In Dr. Hill there are seven notes to this dedication alone, one of which, hat on the well-known remark of Dr. Clarke respecting Beau Nash ("My boys, let us be grave; here comes a fool 19' contains quotations, all more or less relative to the subject, from Goldsmith's Nash, Watton's Pope. Forster's Life of Goldsmith, and Seward's Ancedded. It is the same with Boswell's "Advertisement" to the first and second editions. Neither of the above-mentioned editors annotates these at all; but Dr. Hill has managed to append some twenty comments, the longest of which extend to seventy lines and contains ten references. This is an ultra-statistical way of approaching the work; but it is a hadded that all these notes are contained in thirteen pages out of five volumes of some four hundred and fifty pages each, it will be understood that there is no little force in Dr. Hill's have have been a better when he had a suppose of the contract of the contract of the contract

allows himself to be entrapped into a merely ingenious suggestion. The only other passage that we have noted refers to Fielding's Amelia, and Johnson's remark (as reported by Mrs. Piozzi) about "that vile broken nose, never cured." Johnson was, of course, speaking of the first edition of Amelia, and to this extent was justified in his utterance. But that utterance is frequently quoted as if Fielding had never rectified his unfortunate omission. So little in the three that in the results of the second section of the second section of the second section. as if Fielding had never rectified his unfortunate omission. So little is this the case that in the novel as it now stands are two passages (in Book xi. ch. 1, and Book iv. ch. 7) which were specially inserted for that purpose. Moreover, in the Covent Garden Journal for January 11, 1752, about three weeks after the publication of Amelia, he printed a special announcement upon the subject. As the Journal is scarcely known outside Arthur Murphy's very perfunctory selection for his Fielding of 1762, the paragraph may be quoted here verbatim et literatim:—

It is currently reported that a famous Surgeon, who absolutely cured one Mrs. Amelia Booth, of a violent Hurt in her Nose, insomuch, that she had scarce a Scar left on it, intends to bring Actions against several ill-meaning and slanderous People, who have reported that the said Lady had no Nose, merely because the Author of her Hi-tory, in a Hurry, forgot to inform his Readers of that Particular, and which, if those Readers had had any Nose themselves, except that which is mentioned in the Motto of this Paper, they would have smelt out.

The motto is that passage from Martial where he speaks of the

#### THE PRIME MINISTER AND TOM.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND TOM.

THERE is something attractive about a volume inscribed The Prime Minister and Tom. Even the generic description "Plays for Young People" does not prevent a pleasing curiosity as to what Prime Minister it was, and what Tom had to do with him, and how any one who had dealings with a Prime Minister came to be described with such curt familiarity. All these agreeable speculations are nipped in the bud by the discovery that The Prime Minister and Tom are not one pair, but two units. The Prime Minister is one Play for Young People, and Tom is another. When this disappointment is surmounted, an ambiguity, unperceived at first, presents itself as to what a Play for Young People is. The most natural meaning would appear to be a play for young people to act; but the unusual difficulties in stage-management which the dramas present seem to put this out of the question. The scene changes, especially in Tom, with a frequency and completeness that are almost bewildering. A kindly hint is indeed given in a footnote to a scene where two ladies are discovered making butter, that that comestible "can easily be represented by white clay, tinted yellow." (Yellow clay would be simpler, and oleomargarine not less effective.) But it does not appear how a tiger can easily be represented, and yet a very fine and large one has to come down some rocks, and get killed by javelins, which two heroes hurl at its head and heart respectively. The escape of two rare butterflies from a net, and the somewhat farcical pursuit and eventual capture of one of them, would also

appear how a tiger can easily be represented, and yet a very line and large one has to come down some rocks, and get killed by javelins, which two heroes hurl at its head and heart respectively. The escape of two rare butterflies from a net, and the somewhat farcical pursuit and eventual capture of one of them, would also present difficulties to a juvenile troupe, and, on the whole, it seems most probable that a Play for Young People is one at which young people may profitably be spectators, or possibly merely one which they may read with advantage.

The Prime Minister is about a sort of banished duke called Yano Sevagee. His name must not be confused with Selvajee, which is what Captain Corcoran (né Rackstraw) could ship. He has an adopted son, whom the King of Araby's daughter eventually recognizes as "my long-lost brother," because he has "a curious mark" on his arm. Her opinion is confirmed by her royal father, who observes that "the princes of my house on their left arm have ever borne this sign." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the long-lost prince has previously saved the lives of his sister and his future wife, the Princess of Persia, by the timely slaughter of the unfortunate tiger, of whom mention has already been made. There is no need to divulge more of the plot, except to say that one of the villains rejoices in the appropriate name of Faik, and that Yano Sevagee ultimately justifies the title of the piece. A curious feature of the style is the abundance of blank verse, which is always printed as prose. The first scene begins by Yano Sevagee observing, "I have been waiting long for thee, my son." On the next page he says, "Now, Selim, light the fire and light my lamp, I cannot see to read. Mahmoud, our king [he was King of Persia, which makes his name an odd one], treated me cruelly, but yet—I should be vexed if he were to be overthrown, and his domain usurped by such a man," &c. Even when Mahmoud's son is brought in wounded, Yano says, "he has a fearful cut upon his head," and ejaculates at the decasyllabic lines which occur in the first two and a half pages, and these are not more thickly strewn than many of their successors. The two young princes, just after rescuing the two young princesses from robbers, and before the appearance of the tiger, get as far as nine consecutive lines; but as a general rule there are not more than two or three together.

Tom is a modern romantic drama with eight acts and two or three scenes in each. The eponymous hero is a farmer, but no sportsman. Happening to see a raffish Captain frightening his

<sup>\*</sup> The Prime Minister and Tom: Plays for Young People. By Elizabeth Still, Dowager Countess of Harrington, Authoress of "The Foster Brother" and "The Creoles," London: Field & Tuer. 1887.

(Tom's) sister and the lady of his heart by pretending to be a ghost, he shoots him with a gun, and explains that the Captain cannot be hurt because the gun was loaded, not with a bullet, but only with shot. Also his ingenuous speculation turns out to be correct, so that he cannot have been a very good shot. Nor does he greatly impress the mind as a farmer; for, after being nearly ruined by the loss of three cows, he goes to Australia, leaving his farm in the hands of a baker, on the terms that, while he is a way, the baker is to "benefit by the sale of produce." The reason why he goes to Australia is that his young woman, who is the orphan of a murdered Irish landlord, has a brother who went to seek his fortune in Australia and has not been heard of since. He is, in fact, in the interior, at some place where, as must be inferred from a stage-direction, "the singing of various birds" is more common than travellers in that country have usually declared it to be. Tom goes straight to him, by the merest accident, just when he has dug a large fortune in gold, apparently all in pure nuggets, out of a place discovered by his Irish servant. They all go home with the spoil, after Tom has saved his future brother-in-law from an attempted murder, and appropriate marriages ensue. While the action of the play is still in England a female idiot, who subsequently dies, for no particular reason except that she is stabbed by a Chinese page with a poisoned dagger, sings a song, of which this is the first stanza:—

Oh, sweet is love, though given in vain, in vain!

Oh, sweet is love, though given in vain, in vain!
And sweet is death that puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.

A footnote confesses that "the first verse of this song is not my own, but I do not know who wrote it." Lady Harrington does herself injustice—at least we do not know who else wrote the concluding line. As for the others, Lord Tennyson, a poet, wrote them, and, what is more, liked them, for he asserts of Elaine that "in those days she made a little song, And sang it; sweetly could she make and sing." So pathetically did Silly Ally (the idiot) sing these and other lines to "music by P. S. H." that one of her listeners broke into blank verse after the manner of The Prime Minister, and said, "You see, she would not have a cheerful song."

#### KEATS.

In the latest addition to the "English Men of Letters" series Mr. Sidney Colvin is fortunate in dealing with a subject tolerably free from the obscuring cloud of essayists and commentators who, in these days of the critic fly, as Carlyle has it, are so abundantly rampant and reproductive. The real Keats, as he moved and lived in the world of all of us, is clearly set forth in the reminiscences of his friends, and it is chiefly as a force in English poetry and art that further illumination is now possible. The material for a life of Keats is certainly not profuse, but it is happily not of the kind that renders defects in the actuality of presentment excusable, or indeed conceivable. Much of it had been utilized with signal ability by Lord Houghton in his brief, but eloquent and critical, memoir of the poet. In that memoir there were few inaccuracies of moment left for Mr. Colvin's correction, the most important being the misapprehension as to the so-called first draft of Hyperion. Mr. Buxton Forman had, likewise, done much to straighten the biographer's path by his annotated edition of the poet. It is somewhat strange, by the way, that among those who knew Keats and shared in his aspirations, and whose faith did not waver during the short but painful delay of his final and pathetic triumph, there were so many who might have anticipated both Lord Houghton and Mr. Colvin, and who had actually intended to do so. Foremost must be mentioned J. H. Reynolds, the publisher Taylor, and Charles A. Brown, though the last-named alone succeeded in giving his recollections anything approaching to true biographical form. Before Lord Houghton's Life appeared it was natural to deplore this infirmity of purpose, but now regrets are doubly vain. For the first time the story of Keats's life is so told as to embody in a direct and admirably lucid narrative whatever trustworthy information has accumulated in the last twenty years. In sifting the material Mr. Colvin's care and judgment are convincingly displayed. Equally deserving of

executed.

Passing from external biography to the heart of the volume we feel it is a happy circumstance that the narrative of the poet's life may be readily considered apart from the critical exposition of his work. In this methodical treatment Mr. Colvin follows the example of the majority of the "English Men of Letters" series. Each of Keats's three volumes receives separate criticism, while in a final chapter the author's views are summarized. No biographer of Keats who attempts a serious

critical estimate of the poet's work can afford to ignore the influence of Leigh Hunt and the notorious hostility of the Quarterly and Blackwood, which was, to a certain extent, provoked by the chance association of Keats with the political party of which Hunt was a recognized mouthpiece in the press. These important matters are treated at considerable length by Mr. Colvin, though not altogether in the judicial spirit that provoked by the chance association of Keats with the political party of which Hunt was a recognized mouthpiece in the press. These important matters are treated at considerable length by Mr. Colvin, though not altogether in the judicial spirit that was to be desired. The obloquy and injustice Keats suffered from the reviews in the Quarterly and Blackwood were of necessity transient. So far from it being unfortunate for the poet that he should attract the notice of the great Tory reviews, as the friend and protégé of Hunt, it was immensely to his advantage. The real misfortune was the literary influence exerted by the narrow circle whose oracle was Leigh Hunt. It was not, in fact, the editor of the Examiner, but the author of Foliage and The Story of Rimini, whose association with Keats was injurious. Considering the vast amount of baseless and foolish sentiment that has been outpoured in connexion with what Mr. Colvin calls the "Cockney School outrages," it is a little surprising to find Keats's latest biographer repeating the stale innuendos of Hunt's fanatical circle which involved Scott in the concection of the Blackwood articles. Whether Lockhart wrote the fourth article on the Cockney School of Poetry, as Dilke affirmed on the authority of Lockhart himself, or whether he merely inspired it, there is no evidence that connects Scott with the Blackwood onslaught, and nothing to colour such an inference beyond the "impression" current among the poet's friends, and od onslaught, and nothing to colour such an inference "impression" current among the poet's friends, and the Blackwood onslaught, and nothing to colour such an inference beyond the "impression" current among the poet's friends, and which, by the way, they ultimately outlived. Mr. Colvin has not forgotten that Lockhart was Scott's son-in-law. He duly records his opinion that Scott "encouraged the savage polemics of his young Edinburgh friends"; and follows up this assumption, which is opposed to all we know of Scott's character, with one still more gratuitous when he says "that he was in some measure privy to the Cockney School outrems assume cartain". In tion, which is opposed to all we know of Scott's character, with one still more gratuitous when he says "that he was in some measure privy to the Cockney School outrages seems certain." In support of this view Mr. Colvin produces not a tittle of evidence, and indeed his general views of evidence seem to be odd, for he thinks that the occurrence of "the Spanish Sangrado for doctor" in the Blackwood article shows it to be the work of Lockhart. He merely gives the impressions of the late Joseph Severn, who observed "signs of pain and confusion" both in Scott and his daughter when the painter "innocently approached the subject" in conversation. That Severn should have known nothing of the current gossip which connected Scott with the Blackwood article shows how little serious it was, while Scott's emotion, whatever it amounted to, was only extremely natural in so warm-hearted a man. It is deplorable, indeed, that Mr. Colvin should waste the eloquence of his righteous indignation in reviving this wretched scandal, without being prepared to support his belief in its truth by some substantial testimony. Less unsatisfactory are the remarks on Hunt's literary influence, as revealed in Keats's first two volumes, though the allegorical interpretation of Endymion, which Mr. Colvin derives partly from an essay by the late Mrs. F. M. Owen, is not likely to commend itself either to lovers or critics of that poem. The precocity which so many writers discover in Keats's first efforts, and which has been absurdly compared with the extraordinary work of Chatterton, is dealt with by Mr. Colvin with commendable sobriety and judgment, and not a few critical touches, admirable for keen and delicate insight, enliven the chapters devoted to the poet's matured and immortal work. The final estimate of Keats's influence on the poetry and art of the last fifty years is also eminently sound and inclusive, and, like much else that is meritorious in the book, serves to render the occasional defects of taste and judgment perhaps unduly conspic much else that is meritorious in the book, serves to render the occasional defects of taste and judgment perhaps unduly con-

#### THE PATRIARCHAL TIMES.

In this volume the Rev. Dr. Whitelaw contends that there is good reason for accepting the narrative of the earlier chapters of Genesis as a record of actual facts. He attempts, with the usual degree of success, to reconcile the Biblical story with the discoveries of modern science, and quotes the opinions of a large number of writers on geology and palmontology, though we fail to find any notice of the works of Professor Boyd Dawkins. When he has to acknowledge that men of science have arrived at conclusions that contradict what he believes to be the necessary interpretation of Holy Scripture, he bids "the dispassionate inquirer" remember that the conclusions of "scientists" are not clearly established. He seeks to strengthen his position by exhibiting the coincidences between parts of the Bible narrative and the Chaldean inscriptions and some of the legends and myths that in one form or other are common to many races. As he has evidently worked diligently at this part of his subject, and has compiled from many excellent authorities, he has much that is interesting to say about it. It is a pity that he has not been content to give the "historical details" of which he treats in the only English words that are worthy of them. We fail to see that he has improved on the Bible story by calling Cain "a chafed agriculturist," or by telling us that Noah "forgot himself, indulged in the intoxicating liquor to excess, and became inebriated—in fact, got so drunk that he neither knew where he was nor what he did."

<sup>\*</sup> Keats. By Sidney Colvin. "English Men of Letters." London:

<sup>\*</sup> The Patriarchal Times. By Rev. Thomas Whitelaw, D.D. London : Nisbet & Co. 1887.

d as ly

le, ut

ge to en

in-

nd nat

hat

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.\*

THE plan of this series, which is borrowed from L'Histoire de France racontée par les contemporains (Hachette), edited by M. B. Zeller and others, is an excellent one. Each small volume of it will be devoted to some well-defined period of our national history, and will illustrate it, as far as possible, on all sides by translations from contemporary authorities. This will enable those who are unacquainted with Latin and French, and indeed all who do not make history a special study, to enter without trouble into the spirit and life of any time in which they may be interested, and to learn what men then living thought and wrote about the events that were passing around them. Each volume, as in the French series, will contain short notices of the authors whose works are quoted, and any tables or summaries that may be likely to be useful to the reader. Mr. York Powell, the editor, evidently intends to keep strictly to chronological order, while in his French pattern the volumes are divided into subjects. Either method has its advantages, but it will probably be found that a strict adherence to chronology, especially when a volume deals with a period of only a few years, will lead to some difficulties when our English series reaches the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Of the two volumes already published, the Misrule of Henry III., edited by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, covers, we think, rather too short a period. A series of this kind ought not to aim at minuteness, and the "general reader," for whose benefit we are told it is chiefly designed, will scarcely care to have the story of twelve years—and that, in spite of its importance in many respects, a dreary story—spread over 150 pages, especially as most of the extracts are necessarily taken from the same writer. It is true that that writer is Matthew Paris, the king of our chroniclers; but then he is not quite the same in Mr. Hutton's English as he is in his own Latin. A praiseworthy endeavour to keep as close as possib

#### THE FUNGUS-HUNTER'S GUIDE.+

THIS small pocket-book is interleaved and so arranged that it can be easily carried about in the fields. It is neatly printed and well got up; after that we have little to say for it.

The author states in the preface that "a very slight acquaintance with the subject is all that is requisite in order to make practical application of the information here afforded." Now we venture to assert that so compact a volume, with sparse, condensed notes on the species and genera, is of no use to any one not possessed of considerable experience in the field. To say nothing of the treatment of the larger forms of fungi referred to in the work, we would ask what kind of exercise or instruction is to be derived from the "definitions" of the families of "coniomycetes" there given? How a fungus comes to be regarded as "parasitic" on dead plants we will not inquire; enough that certain coniomycetes are stated to be so. It ought to be pointed out that writers of such books as this do nothing to advance science; the collector who knows his fungi does not need this book, and it will be of little use to him who does not know them, if only from its incompleteness. who does not know them, if only from its incompleteness.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

LES Lettres et les Arts continues its politeness to England, the Jubilee Number of last month being followed up by one which concludes with a sketch of "La Saison à Londres," pleasantly enough written, and illustrated with two large plates of a four-in-hand and a lawn-tennis match. Besides this the conductors have got the redoubtable M. Désiré Nisard to write a pleasant, not too academic, article, illustrated with a portrait, in which the foe of Romantics looks very much like a gentleman. "L'Archipel" expresses the orthodox views of Frenchmen as to the peculiarly dangerous character of a "reverend's" daughter. M. Armand Silvestre is there in his singing robes—we might say (which is in his case a convertible term) in his clean clothes. M. de Pontmartin gives as acceptably as usual "La véritable Auberge des Adrets," and the whole is diversified with abundant and charming illustrations, especially with those coloured and monotoned designs of M. Lynch's, which are perhaps all we can do to go near the delicacy of a Watteau. There is a difference certainly, but then there is a difference between the robustness of Sir William Harcourt and the robustness of Sir Robert Walpole.

The five parts of the Figaro Salon, which MM. Boussod & Valadon also publish, give, on a scale of size equal to that of L'Art or the Graphic, reproductions in black and white of the chief French pictures of the year, partly in full-page, partly vignetted in letterpress. The art of turning out this kind of reproduction, so as not to fail utterly in producing the effect of the original, has been much cultivated of late, and has undoubtedly made not a little progress. But probably no two persons will ever agree whether sketches and studies for pictures or pictures themselves undergo it best.

M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire's essay on "England in India" (1),

made not a little progress. But probably no two persons will ever agree whether sketches and studies for pictures or pictures themselves undergo it best.

M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire's essay on "England in India" (1), with a sketch, well informed and wisely not prophetic, on the relations of England and Russia, is a very good specimen of the better class of its kind. It is less intended, of course, and it is even less suitable, for Englishmen than for Frenchmen. It is comparatively little known here how largely the information of even educated Frenchmen about Hindostan is drawn from the wildest libe's describing Englishmen as brutal tyrants, who exercise every kind of atrocity on a patient, but loathing, native population. Such a book as M. St.-Hilaire's is, therefore, not superfluous—provided it is read.

When the best qualified person of his time for a certain task undertakes that task, there is very little to say except that the human race is in a greater or less degree a lucky human race. The study of Old French may not be absolutely the most important thing in existence, but, according to the degree and measure of its importance, it is just now profiting by such an undertaking as has been just described. M. Gaston Paris (2) has perhaps no rival, certainly no superior, in the combination of literary and philological knowledge on his special subject. We are glad to receive from him these extracts from the two most interesting books in verse and prose which French can produce before the fourteenth century, and more glad to know that he has undertaken, and is far advanced with, a manual of Old French in detail.

It is not a good thing to write a bad play, and it is a worse

with, a manual of Old French in detail.

It is not a good thing to write a bad play, and it is a worse thing to publish it, with a long preface saying what an excellent play it is. M. Zola has done both these things (3), and it is not

play it is. Al. Lois has under some actions and the great schools with introducing studies before there is any one to teach them or any books to teach them out of. Mr. Kitchen has tried to remove this represent as regards Provencal; and, as almost a first attempt

books to teach them out of. Mr. Kitchen has tried to remove this reproach as regards Provençal; and, as almost a first attempt in England, his book (4) deserves an encouraging reception. We notice some small faults and some unnecessary repetitions; but the book will undoubtedly be useful.

There is direct as well as accidental interest in the last book of the late M. Gabriel Charmes (5). It was not finished, and might perhaps have been revised a little with advantage; but it gives a recent account of an interesting country—not perhaps quite so little known as the author seems to have thought—but still not hacknowed.

hackneyed.

M. Bérard-Varagnac's criticisms were contributed to the *Débats*, and have been crowned by the Academy (6). They are good, sound reviews; but we think that English readers, and even those among English reviewers whose souls are not devoured by ambition of publicity, may be rather glad that it has not become the custom in England to publish mere reviews in book form.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE oft-told story of the Franco-German War prior to the capitulation at Sedan is re-told in readable form and with considerable fulness in Mr. George Hooper's The Campaign of Sedan (G. Bell & Sons). Of the author's use of the profuse

<sup>\*</sup> English History from Contemporary Writers—The Misrule of Henry III. Extracts selected and arranged by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Edward III. and his Wars, 1327—1356. Extracts selected and arranged by W. J. Ashley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: David Nutt. 1887.

<sup>†</sup> The Fungus-Hunter's Guide. By W. Delisle Hay. London: Swan

<sup>(1)</sup> L'Inde anglaise. Par J. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire. Paris: Perrin.
(2) Extraite de la Chanson de Roland et de la Vie de Saint Louis.
Par Gaston Paris. Paris: Hachette.
(3) Renée. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.
(4) An Introduction to the Study of Provençal. By D. B. Kitchen.
London: Williams & Norgato.

<sup>(5)</sup> Une ambassade au Maroc. Par Gabriel Charmes. Paris : Calmann Lévy.

<sup>(6)</sup> Portraits littéraires. Par Bérard-Varagnac. Paris : Calmana Lévy.

material relating to the subject it may be left to military critics and historians to speak, especially as the strategy of both armies between the eventful days of Woerth and Sedan is somewhat elaborately treated. Whatever the verdict of experts may be, there is no doubt that Mr. Hooper's narrative is well digested on the whole and may be readily apprehended, even in the elaborate descriptions of complex movements, by the aid of the military maps that illustrate the great battlefields. Here and there, of course, moot points arise. Who shall decide, for instance, whether the conflicts of Woerth and Spicheren were, as Mr. Hooper puts it, "accidental combats due to the initiative of subordinate officers"? Similar questions persist in visiting the open mind of the reader, though they may produce little but disagreement among the learned.

open mind of the reader, though they may produce little but disagreement among the learned.

The Black Cabinet (Longmans & Co.) is a translation by Mr. C. H. F. Blackith of Count d'Hérisson's curious and entertaining volume, Le Cabinet Noir, which we recently noticed. Such a book is certain to find many English readers, if only on account of the miscellaneous information relating to Napoleon which the author has collected. Among the novel documents utilized by M. d'Hérisson are the private memoranda of Baron Mounier, who for ten years was Napoleon's secretary, and subsequently police director under the Restoration. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book is the investigation of the so-called mystery of the Temple, in which M. d'Hérisson professes his beliof in the escape of the Dauphin, and produces some curious evidence favourable to Naundorf's claims, though he is careful to disclaim the position of an advocate.

widence favourable to Naundorf's claims, though he is careful to disclaim the position of an advocate.

Women's Voices (Walter Scott) is the rather unhappy title of an anthology of "the most characteristic poems by English, Scotch, and Irish women," edited by Mrs. William Sharp. Every one will agree with the editor's ingenuous confession, "I think Women's Voices speak for themselves," but few will endorse her general estimate of women's poetry. Mrs. Sharp seems to think there would have been more women poets if women had not been handicapped by defective education and other unfriendly influences of tyrannical society. But poetry is not a manufacture, and education has nothing to do with the production of poetry. It is worse than uncritical to explain the survival of the few lyries of the first order which women have written, such as "The Land o' the Leal" and "Auld Robin Gray," as not only due to their "pathetic humanity and lyrical sweetness," but to the fact that there were "fewer voices" when they were written than there are now. It is a little singular that only four women figure in the best and were "fewer voices" when they were written than there are now. It is a little singular that only four women figure in the best and most critical modern collection of lyrics in our language, Mr. Palgrave's Golden Treasury, and this startling fact is not greatly mitigated because living writers are excluded from that anthology. Criticism apart, Mrs. Sharp's volume is well arranged, and is really representative of what is excellent in women's poetry.

Victorian Hymns (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a Jubilee collection of sacred song, criginal and translated, drawn from many and familiar sources, and marked by good taste and sound Catholicity.

Catholicity.
Dr. J. W. Kirton's True Loyalty (Ward, Lock, & Co.) does not differ from the many similar compilations which the Jubilee has

As Mr. William St. Clair has the grace to recommend to the public Mr. Bosworth Smith's biography of Lord Lawrence, we will not enlarge on the naughty superfluity of his new life of the great Viceroy, John Laird Muir Lawrence (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)

Among new editions we have A Digest of the Law of Bills of Exchange, &c., by Judge Chalmers (Stevens & Sons); Mr. F. Anstey's A Fallen Idol (Smith, Elder, & Co.); Madame Delphine, &c., by George W. Cable (Edioburgh: Douglas); and Papa, Mamma, and Baby, a translation from the French of M. Gustave Droz, with the original illustrations by Morin (Vizetelly). We have also received a second edition of Health Resorts at Home and Abroad, by Dr. Charteris (J. & A. Churchill); In Dicers Tones, by Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, N.S. (Boston: Lothrop); Sketches in Song, by G. L. Raymond (Putnam's Sons); Writings for the Aged, by Mrs. Jane Lee Weisse (New York: Trow); and from the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union Chips from a Temperance Workshop and Stephen Blakemore's Problem, by Edith Cornforth.

#### NOTICE.

We bey leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. John Hart, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Now ready, VOLUME LXIII., bound in cloth, price 16s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

### THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF No. 1.654, JULY 9, 1887:

The Cass Case.
Is. The University Match.
te. The Count of Paris at Jersey. Waste Lands. Waste Lands. The Count of Paris at Jersey.
The Imperial Institute. The Count of Paris at Jersey.
"Little More than a Year Ago."
"Plus d'Angleterre, par M. Cabasse de Castillonnes."
The Murder of Hassin. Mr. Gladstone and the Progress of Business.
Credatur Judæo. The Eastern Mails.
The Land Bill. Mr. Goschen Replies at Length.
Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour. The Bulgarian Nomination.

Positivism in India. Cur Own Party.
Sculpture in 1837. The May Term at Cambridge.
Cardinal Manning on Diplomatic Relations with Rome.
Modern Society. Donatello.
The Gold Withdrawals and the Prospects of the Money Market.
The National Gallery. Opera. In the Two Houses.
Concerts and Matinees. The Burlington Fine Arts Club.
The State of the London Theatres.

Memoirs of Friedrich Ferdinand von Baust. Three Novels. Law Books. Egypt. Rosse Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads. Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads.

Manual of Bacteriology. Novels.

Manual of Bacteriology. Novels.

Medical Books.

An Englishman in Japan. The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry.

A Book about Liszt The Nawest Boswell.

The Prime Minister and Tom. Kasts. The Patriarchal Times.

English History from Contemporary Writers.

The Fungus-Hunter's Guide. French Literature.

New Books and Reprints.

London : Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. FAUST. Monday next, July 11. at 8.15. and July 12. ia, 14, and 15. Mephistopheles, Mr. IKVING: Margaret, Mis-ELLEN TERRY.

Last might of eas on, Mr. HKVING: SANNAL BENEFIT. Saturday next, July 16. Task might of eas on, Mr. HKVING: SANNAL BENEFIT. Saturday next, July 16. Hox Midlany 19. Yenice. Sujouck, Mr. HKVING, Forths, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Box Midle Last open 10 till 5. Scale can be booked in advance, also by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

A L H A M B R A T H E A T R E.—

Operatic and other Selections. Smoking Concert.

"THE VALE of TEARS," DORÉ'S LAST GREAT

GALLERY, S. New Bond Street, with "Christ Leaving the Protocium," and his other

great Pictures. From Ten to Six daily. Is.

A RUNDEL GALLERY EXHIBITION
of nearly TWO HUNDRED UNFUBLISHED WATER-COLOUR COPIES on a
Reduced Scale, from Old Italian F escots and other Pannlings, a ranged chromologically and
in Schools. OPEN DAILY from Ten till Five. Santuays Ten till Four. Adm solon free.

Office of the Armidel Society,
1981, James Street, S.W.

A RUNDEL SOCIETY .- CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS from Freeces and other Palatings by Ancient Masters, Italian, Flemish, and German, are N SALE at LOWER PRICES to Members, and at higher to Strangers. Catalogues and in other information will be sent gratio on application.

A Donation of at least & is, to the Copying Fund entitles to all privileges of Membership. entitles to all privileges of Membership. DOUGLAS H. GORDON, Secretary. Office of the Arundel Society, 19 St. James Street, S. W.

w mah in the wind in the wind

GRAND NAVAL REVIEW AND ILLUMINATION
OF FLEET,
SATURDAY, JULY 23.

THE BRITISH CRUISING ASSOCIATION have chartened
the mamificent Clyde-built Saloon Paddle-Steamer "BONNIE DOON," fitted
throughout with the electric light, and offer the following special advantages.
Leave Waterloo for Southampton, the day of the Review, by Special First-class Express
Train, and return to fown came day.
Champengue Lunchcon and Dipper specialed by Army and Navy Congressive, Section. Train, and return to town came day.

Champagne Lunchcon and Dinner supplied by Army and Navy Co-operative Society,
Westminster. Menus and Wine List on application.

Inclusive Fare for the day, for Rail. Steamer, Luncheon, Dinner, all Wines, and Tes, Five
Guiness. Children under tweite half-price.

Programmes and Tickets and all particulars from Gibbons & Saunders, 22 Cockspur
Street, Fail Mail, London, S.W.

Telegraphic Address. "Mailbost, London."

#### EDUCATIONAL.

# HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, Heidelberg. Dr. A. HOLZBERG, M.A., Ph.D., of Göttlingen and Heidelberg.

A. B. CATTY, B.A., late Scholar, Christ's Coll., Cambridge. W. LAWRENCE, M.A., late Scholar, St. John's, Oxon.

A Special House just added for Army Pupils. Preparation for Army and all Exams For particulars apply to Dr. HOLZBERG, as above.

S. JAMES'S COLLEGE, South Leigh, Witney, Oxford.—Highest
S. Class Church of England School. Scholarships at Public Schools. Special care taken
of Delicate Boys. Heal. Manyage.